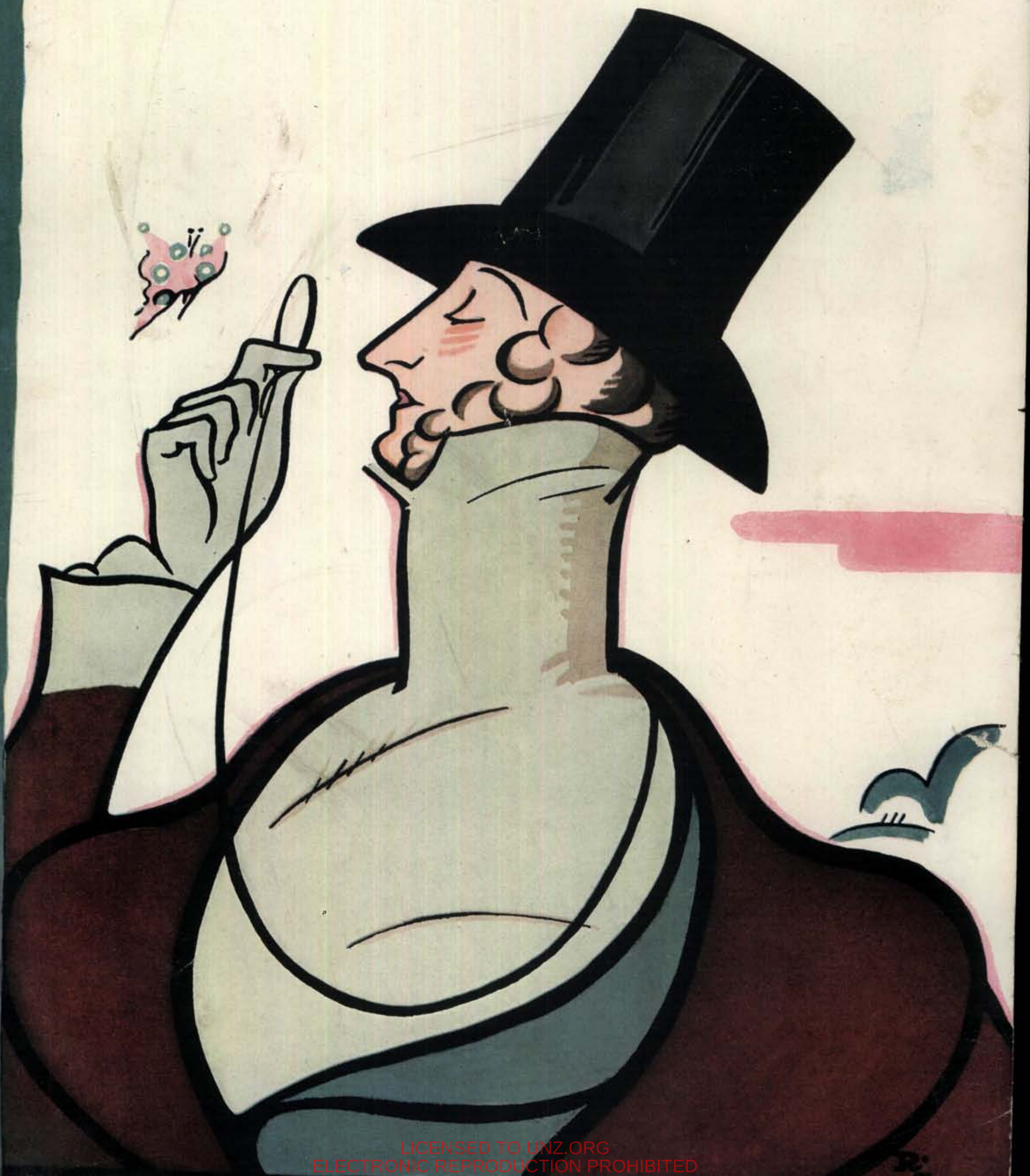
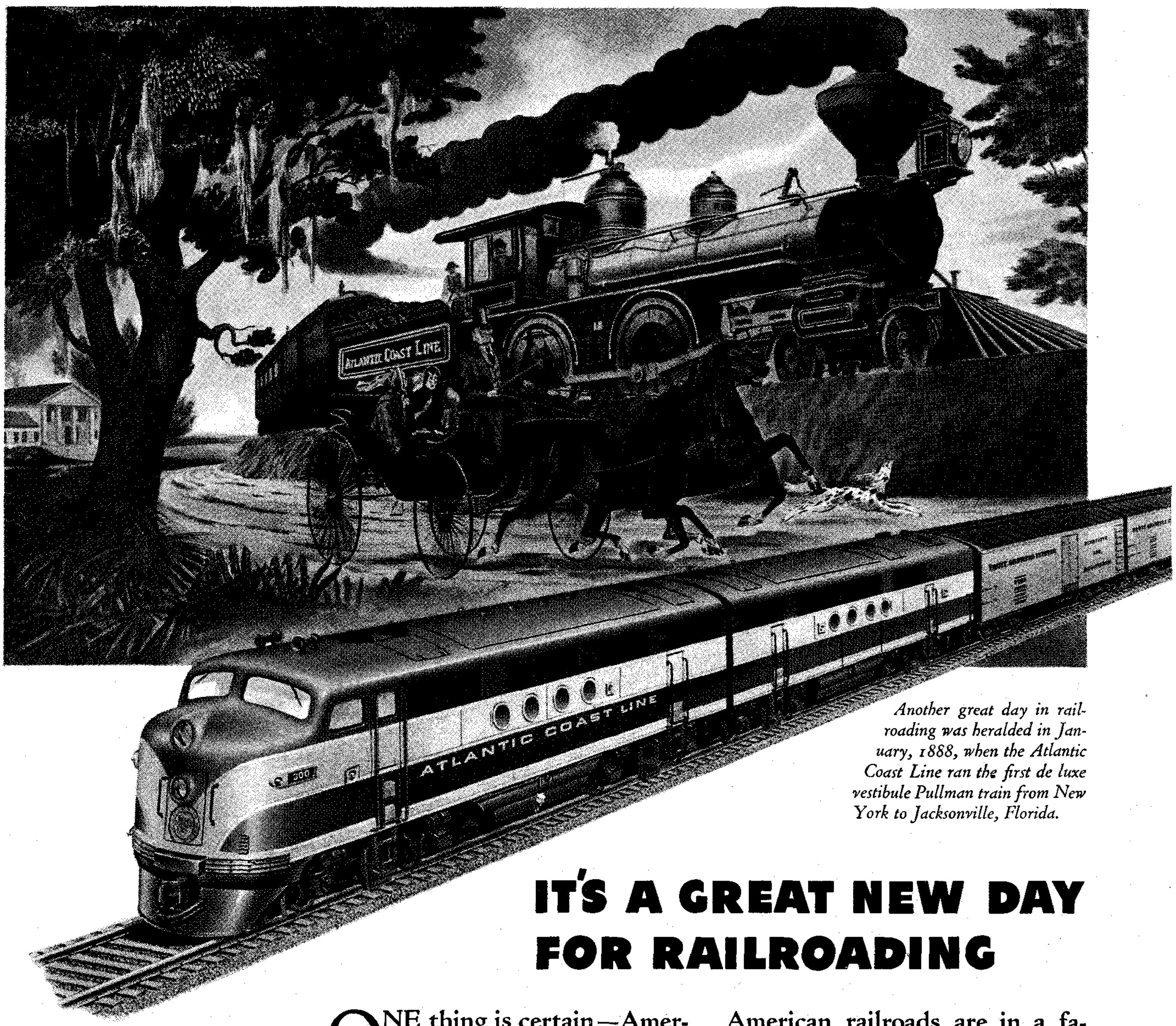
★ Feb. 17, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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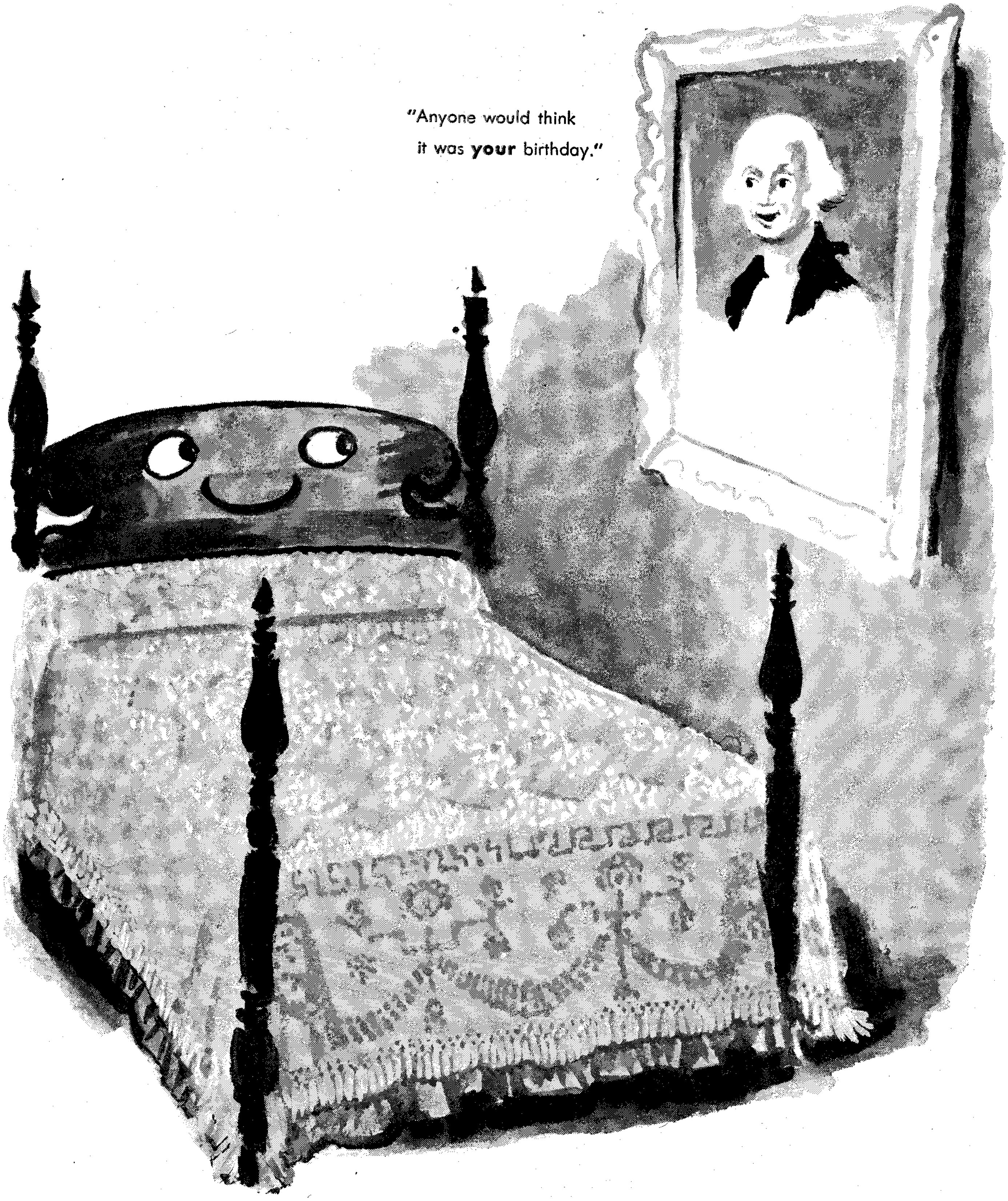
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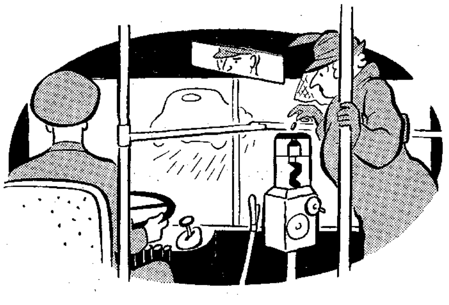
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinée schedules because of Washington's Birthday. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers.... E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superior play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of the vapors. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

One-man Show—An attempt to deal with an abnormal relationship between a man and his daughter that starts off nicely enough, but seems to get lost along the way. Frank Conroy and Constance Cummings head the cast and Jed Harris is the producer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter Greaza. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40. Special performances Thurs. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2:40, and, for the Actors' Fund, Sun. Eve., Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun. at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Margaret Webster has cut and rearranged this poetic fantasy, but it still remains one of Shakespeare's more exhausting plays. With Vera Zorina as Ariel, Canada Lee as Caliban, and Arnold Moss as Prospero. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat., Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Trio—A serious if not very penetrating play about an unnatural relationship between two women. Lydia St. Clair, Lois Wheeler, and Richard Widmark (to be replaced by Kirk Douglas on Mon., Feb. 19) are those principally involved. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Signature!—A play by Elizabeth McFadden, with a cast including Frederic Tozere, Marjorie Lord, and Donald Murphy. Directed by Roy Hargrave and produced by Richard Skinner and Dorothy Willard. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

The Stranger—A play by Leslie Reade, with Eduard Franz, Perry Wilson, and Stanley Bell. Directed and produced by Shepard Traube. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.... Special Mats. for men and women in the services, Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

On the Town—A fine, carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—The Theatre Guild's musical history of America, containing such old favorites as "Frankie and Johnny" and "Casey Jones" as well as a lot you've probably never heard, is a very happy inspiration indeed. Alfred Drake heads a fine cast, including Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except

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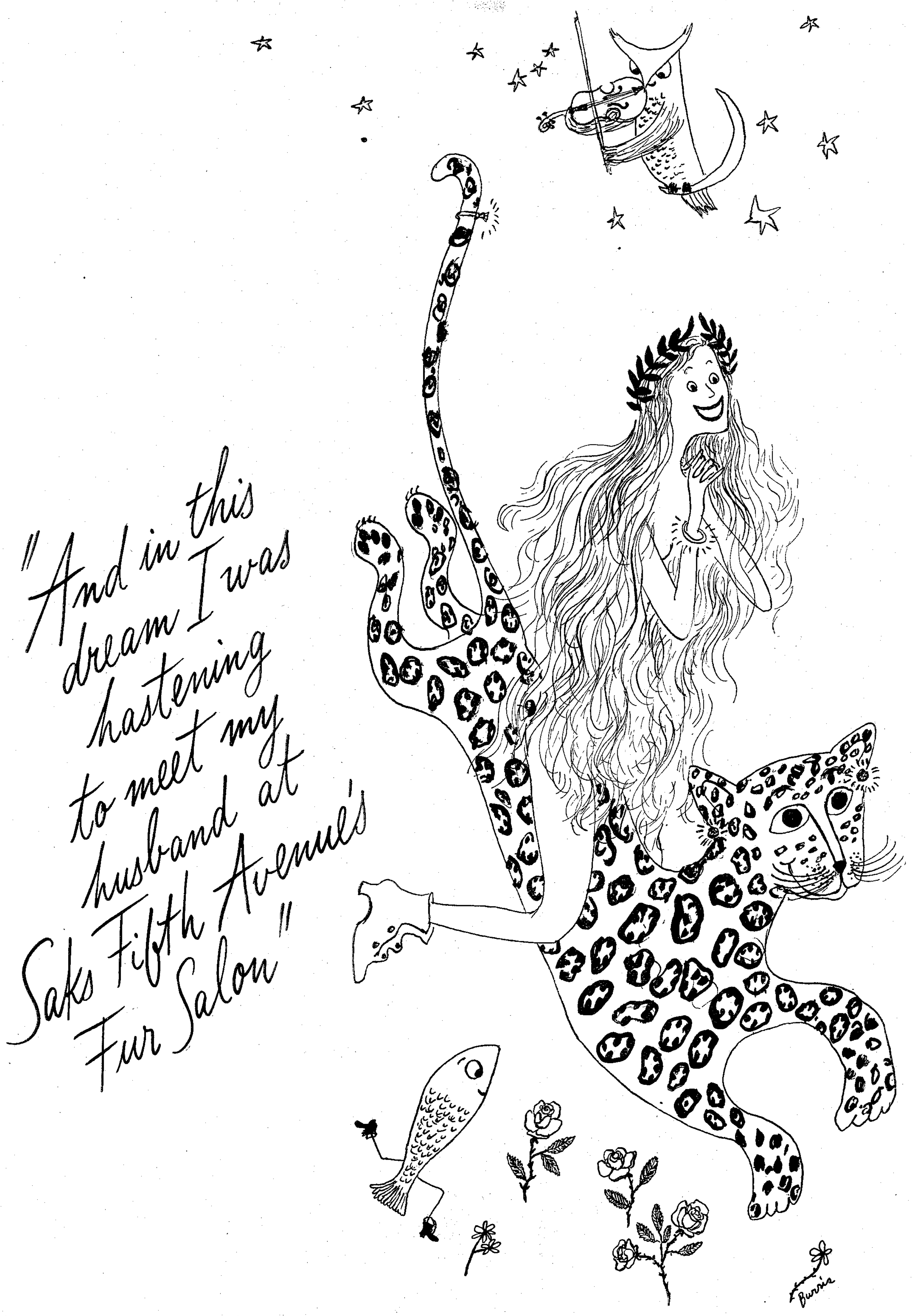
"And in this dream I was hastening to meet my husband at Saks Fifth Avenue's Fur Salon"
Burris

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

And Be My Love—Walter Hampden and Violet Heming in a play by Edward Caulfield. Directed by Arthur J. Beckhard and produced by Mr. Beckhard and Victor Hugo-Vidal. Opens Wed., Feb. 21. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 21, and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 2:40.)

Benefit—José Iturbi, Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and many others, in the annual turnout of theatrical people for the Israel Orphan Asylum, Tues., Feb. 20, at 8:15 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Snickerty Nick" and "Mary Poppins," Thurs. and Sat., Feb. 22 and 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Little Black Sambo," Sat., Feb. 17 and 24, and Thurs., Feb. 22, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative programs—"Les Sylphides," "Ballet Imperial," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Tues. Eve., Feb. 20. . . . "Swan Lake," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Igrouchki," and "Rodeo," Wed. Eve., Feb. 21. . . . "Coppelia," "Blue Bird," and "Rodeo," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 22. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 22. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Feb. 23. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Rodeo," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Feb. 24. . . . "Scheherazade," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., Feb. 24. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Argentinita—With her ensemble, including Pilar Lopez. Sun., Feb. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the sedate old Trianon Room, William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras provide polite music for a polite dinner and supper audience.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has a large and pleasant enough ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Eddy Rogers' orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with solid folk songs by Josh White and solid piano music by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Phil Moore's orchestra for dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Where the tumult and the shouting seem never to die away. Jane Froman in a negligible show. Shep Fields' orchestra replaces George Olsen's on Thurs., Feb. 22. . . . The Copa Bar, where you can come up to get air, has the Milt Herth Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After 9 P.M., there are the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, very bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dick and Gene Wesson, who impersonate this and that, are in the stately Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm, handsome and dulcet, is back in the Persian Room at supper. On Wed., Feb. 21, Morton Downey, the boy soprano, will take over for dinner and supper. Ray Benson's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble will stay on. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has the Chandra Kaly dancers and Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is rather casual dance music and the songs of Dorothy Shay.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Wedgwood Room is back in its stride, with Victor Borge, and Fred and Elaine Barry, dancers, entertaining after the theatre. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays moodily throughout the evening and Mischa Borr's gay little band is around to help out with the supper audience. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): George and Gene Bernard, Eddie Mayehoff, Evelyn Knight, and the Herman Chittison Trio—all in one evening, too. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pointed comedy by Imogene Coca (through Mon., Feb. 19), helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, more singing by Thelma Carpenter, and a solid background by Cedric Wallace's trio. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by Ted Hunter's rambling piano solos.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Bela Bizony's ensemble after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson (at the supper hour) being winsome, and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco making a commendable contribution to life on old Broadway, with the sporadic aid of Bill Robinson and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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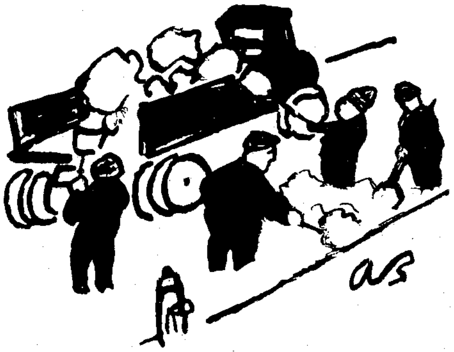
Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey and his disintegrating monologues; Art Hodes' cheerful new trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing, too. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum and Benny Morton's orchestra, a combination good enough for most anyone. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's band, now containing Frankie Newton as trumpet, and Willie the Lion Smith's neat trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and his saxophone heading a new band. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band still at their old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his new trio; dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Washington's Birthday, Thurs., Feb. 22.)

Henry Botkin—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Oils, drawings, and water colors by José María Velasco. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

Fabrizio Clerici—A half-dozen drawings by a young Italian artist; also, etchings by Viviani: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Julio de Diego—Oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Werner Drewes—Water-color sketches by the non-objective painter: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Dutch Masters—Seventeenth-century paintings, many of them new to this country and all of them very handsome: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

Louis Eilshemius—Nudes by a man who looked at ladies more romantically than realistically: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 19.

French—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings of the Paris school, many never before shown in this country. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

A. E. Gallatin—Abstract paintings: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 17.

Alberto Giacometti and Laurence Vail—Sculpture and bottles: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 10.

Morris Graves—New subjects by a man who used to devote himself to birds: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

Groups—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: prints by Chicago and Seattle artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 18. . . . **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: space and perspective, as approached by various artists. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: the annual mid-season retrospective. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 3. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 42 E. 57: early work by Chirico, Berman, Atherton, and others in a well-selected show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: the annual group show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Morris Kantor—Recent paintings, more nearly abstract than ever: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 17.

Anne Kroll—Paintings and drawings; also, paintings by Martin Nelson: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily, including Washington's Birthday, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 17.

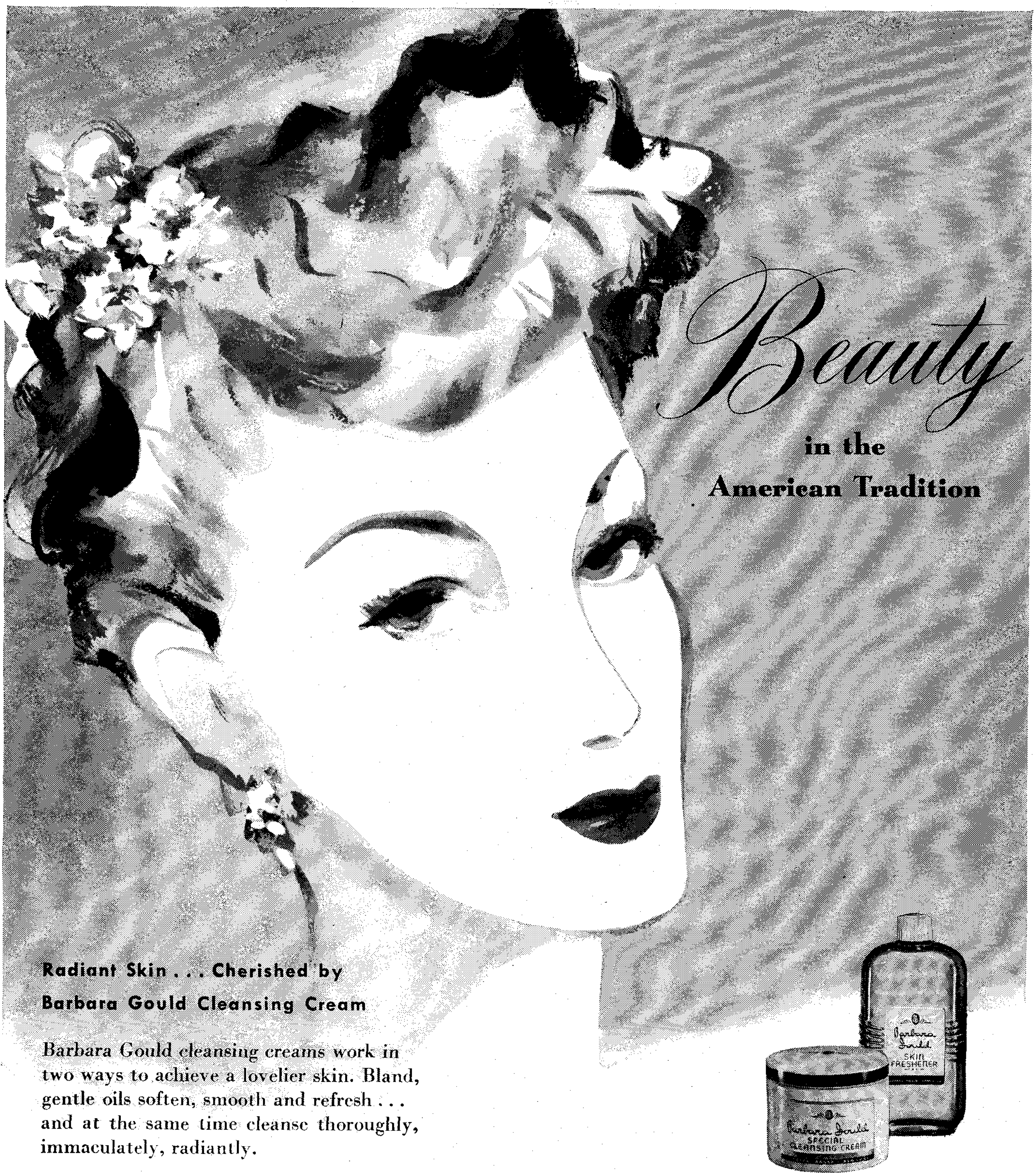
Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Joan Miró—Lithographs done during the past year: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

George L. K. Morris—An American Abstractionist shows frescoes and sculpture: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttram, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

Newark Museum, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9:30); Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

Edward Rosenfeld—Paintings of sewing machines and street scenes: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 17.

Andrée Ruellan—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 3.

Sculpture—Broad selection of recent work by Americans: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

Serigraphs—Sixth annual of the National Serigraph Society: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

Everett Spruce—Texas paintings, in his first show in six years: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Edward John Stevens—Paintings in several styles by a very young artist: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 3.

Toulouse-Lautrec—Drawings, some in color, done at the age of sixteen: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; Tues. through Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Eugene Paul Ullman—Paintings, halfway between the naïve and the Impressionistic: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 24.

Max Weber—New paintings: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Feb. 15, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 16, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 18, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Feb. 22, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 23, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Josef Hofmann, piano, Feb. 15, 16, and 18; Wanda Landowska, piano, Feb. 22-23; Joseph Schuster, cello, Feb. 24.)

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting: soloist, Tommy Dorsey, trombone. Thurs., Feb. 15, at 2:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Sat., Feb. 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., Feb. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

N.B.C. Symphony—Arturo Toscanini conducting: soloist, Vladimir Horowitz, piano; a benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Mon., Feb. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jewish Concert—A string orchestra, conducted by Arved Kurtz; the United Temple Chorus, conducted by Isadore Freed; and others. Sat., Feb. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Russian Concert—An orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Hertha Glaz, contralto; the First Piano Quartet; and others, in a program for the benefit of Russian War Relief. Wed., Feb. 21, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Faust," Thurs., Feb. 15, at 8 P.M. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri., Feb. 16, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Sat., Feb. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat., Feb. 17, at 8 P.M. . . . "Mignon," Mon., Feb. 19, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Tues., Feb. 20, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "La Gioconda," Wed., Feb. 21, at 8 P.M. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Thurs., Feb. 22, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri., Feb. 23, at 8 P.M. . . . "Lohengrin," Sat., Feb. 24, at 2 P.M. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

E. Robert Schmitz—Piano. Fri., Feb. 16 and 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano. Fri., Feb. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500); Sun., Feb. 18, at 8:40 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Kaufmann Auditorium, Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400); and Tues., Feb. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Salzedo Ensemble—Chamber music. Sat., Feb. 17, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Erno Balogh—Piano. Sat., Feb. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. Sun., Feb. 18, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Joseph Szigeti, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Yella Pessl, harpsichord; and others. Sun., Feb. 18, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw conducting. Sun., Feb. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

League of Composers—The Guilet String Quartet; Maria Maximovitch, soprano; Robert Casadesus, piano; and others, in a program of new works by Casadesus and other composers. Sun., Feb. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (City Center Chamber Music Hall, 130 W. 56. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 130 W. 56.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. Sun., Feb. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Coolidge Quartet—Assisted by Leopold Mannes, piano. Mon., Feb. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. BU 8-0656.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. Tues., Feb. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

George Copeland—Piano; a benefit for American Relief for France. Tues., Feb. 20, at 9 P.M. (French Institute, 22 E. 60. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

Joseph Fuchs and Nadia Reisenberg—Violin and piano. Wed., Feb. 21, at 8:40 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Kaufmann Auditorium, Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Gordon String Quartet—Chamber music. Wed., Feb. 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Marjorie Lawrence—Soprano. Wed., Feb. 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jeanne Therrien—Piano. Thurs., Feb. 22, at 3:15 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Webster Aitken—Piano. Sat., Feb. 24, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Variety Concert—Pearl Primus, dancer; Vivian Rivkin, violin; and others, in the first of a series of concerts. Sat., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, and City College vs. Brooklyn, Wed., Feb. 21, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Danny Bartfield vs. Humberto Zavala, lightweights, ten rounds, Fri., Feb. 16; Willie Pep vs. Phil Terranova, featherweights, fifteen rounds for the featherweight title, Mon., Feb. 19; Ray Robinson vs. Jacob La Motta, catchweights, ten rounds, Fri., Feb. 23. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Fencing—Metropolitan Open Championship, electric épée, individual, Sun., Feb. 18, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 15; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Feb. 18; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 22; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Sun., Feb. 18, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Tennis—Bill Tilden, Vincent Richards, John Nogrady, and others, in exhibition matches for the Grossinger Canteen-by-Mail, Sat., Feb. 17, at 8 P.M. (Seventeenth Regiment Armory, Park at 34. For tickets, call CI 7-7826.)

Track—Madison Square Garden—New York Athletic Club Meet, Sat., Feb. 17, at 8:15 P.M. . . . National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 24, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a forceful exhibition of Navy photographs, assembled by Steichen, of sea and air battles in the Pacific. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the Indian wars through the first world war. Tues. through Fri., including Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

National Sportsmen's Show—The first show in two years of skis, fishing tackle, hunting knives, and other paraphernalia of interest to sports-lovers: Madison Square Garden, Sun., Feb. 18, through Sun., Feb. 25. Weekdays, including Washington's Birthday, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 11 P.M.

Flower Show—Orchids and flowering bulbs: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Wed., Feb. 21, from 2:30 to 5 P.M.

Dress—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Eighteenth-century American furniture and decorations, collected by the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 15-16, at 10:15 A.M. and 2 P.M., and Sat., Feb. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings by Romney, Reynolds, Van Dyck, and others, from the collection of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. F. McCann: Wed., Feb. 21, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Feb. 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Feb. 24, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 17; Serge Koussevitzky and Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting, Sat., Feb. 24; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sun., Feb. 18, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Feb. 18, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 17 and 24, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Feb. 17 and 24, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "La Traviata," Sat., Feb. 17; "Lohengrin," Sat., Feb. 24; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Joseph Schuster, cello, Sun., Feb. 18, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Feb. 18, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Fritz Kreisler, violin, Mon., Feb. 19, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Danny Bartfield vs. Humberto Zavala, Fri., Feb. 16; Willie Pep vs. Phil Terranova, Mon., Feb. 19; Ray Robinson vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., Feb. 23; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks, Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow, Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio. Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . Vincent Sheean (from Europe), Mon. and Wed. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Fighting Lady—Splendid documentary, made with the collaboration of the Navy, about an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. No comedians or pretty girls, but some of the best combat shots you're likely to see. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Standard Fox musical, attractive chiefly to people who enjoyed the soulful ballads of the late Ernest R. Ball. With June Haver, Dick Haymes, and Monty Woolley. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 18-19.)

Kismet—Another Hollywood excursion to Bagdad, with Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman being picturesque in Technicolor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 15.)

Mrs. Parkington—Hollywood and Louis Bromfield give three cheers for a robber baron of American industry. With Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Feb. 15. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 16-19.)

National Velvet—Preposterous but charming story about how a twelve-year-old girl wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. (Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Feb. 19. . . . Lex-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

ington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Feb. 21.)

Thirty Seconds over Tokyo—Some fine technical work has gone into this account of the famous lone raid of 1942, but also a bit too much Hollywood stuffing. Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, with Van Johnson and Robert Walker. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Feb. 21.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 17-20.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., Feb. 17-21.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Feb. 20-24.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

To Have and Have Not—Not much like the Hemingway novel, but a good war melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, and Lauren Bacall. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Feb. 21.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 16-18.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Feb. 17.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 17-19.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 15.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day". (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 17-20.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 20-22.)

Holy Matrimony (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields, and Monty Woolley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 17-19.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 20-21.)

Lady in the Dark (1944)—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalyzed in Technicolor. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Feb. 16.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Feb. 16.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 18-19.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Feb. 20.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Feb. 16.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 20-21.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Feb. 17.)

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (1930)—The Viennese operetta, in German. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Feb. 17.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 20-21.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Young Mr. Pitt (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 21-22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., FEB. 15 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), directed by Mauritz Stiller; and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), directed by Victor Seastrom.... FRI. THROUGH SUN., FEB. 16-18: "Male and Female" (1919), with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan.... MON. THROUGH THURS., FEB. 19-22: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.... FROM FRI., FEB. 23: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by Erich von Stroheim.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as many daytime hours as possible as file clerks in selective service offices; women to work three three-hour sessions a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc.... RED CROSS, 401 5 Ave., at 37 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.)... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work daytimes at the Reserve Corps preparing surgical dressings, and as general aides in hospitals.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building super intendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, playing cards, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881).... Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-9023).... The American Committee for Yugoslav Relief (LE 2-2708) is collecting warm clothing, bedding, and tinned foods to be sent abroad. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 161 Perry St.

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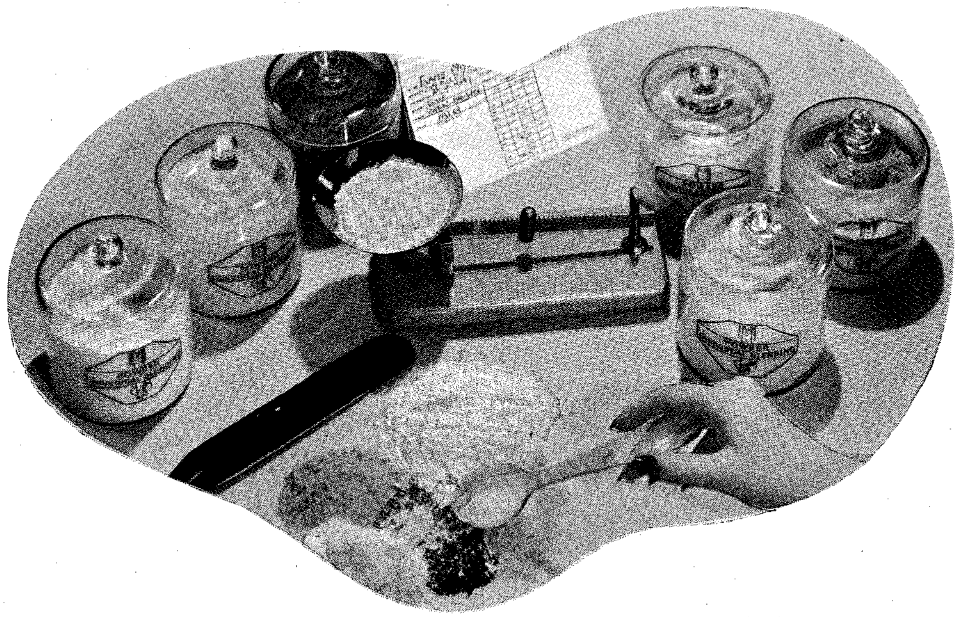

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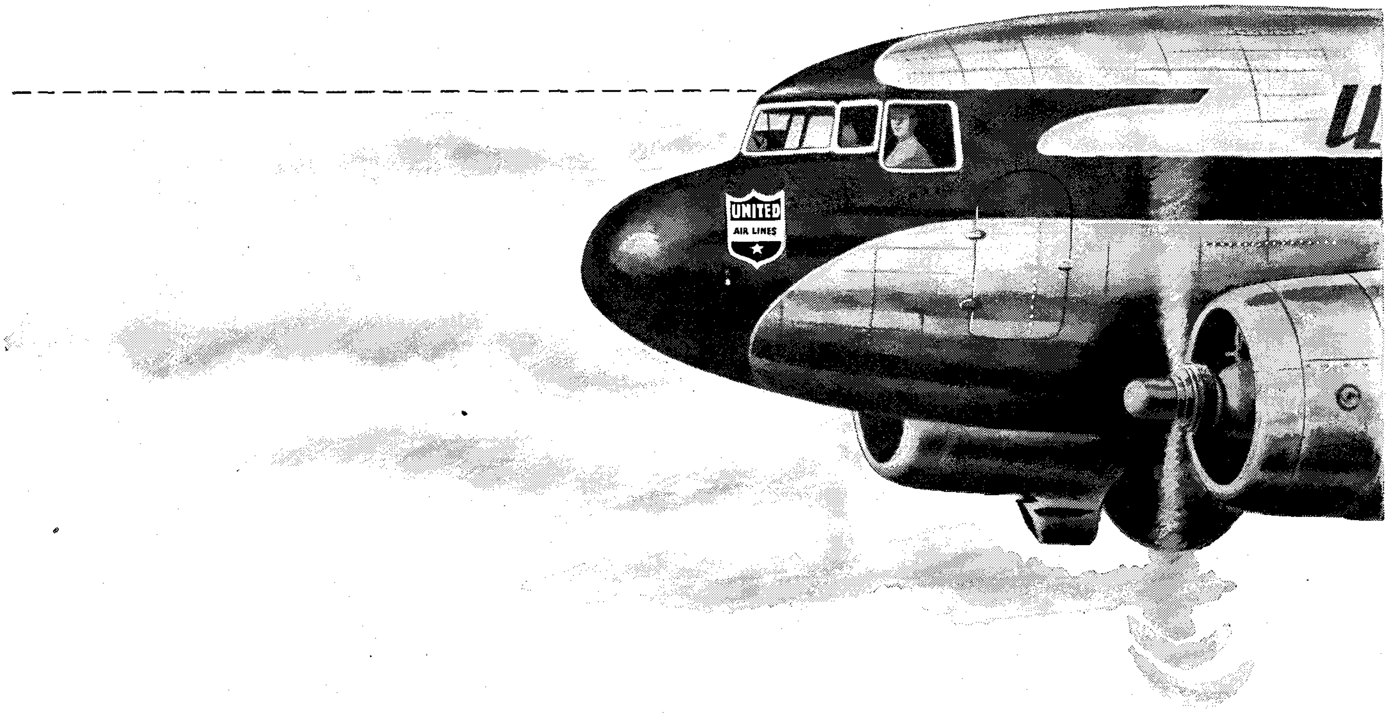

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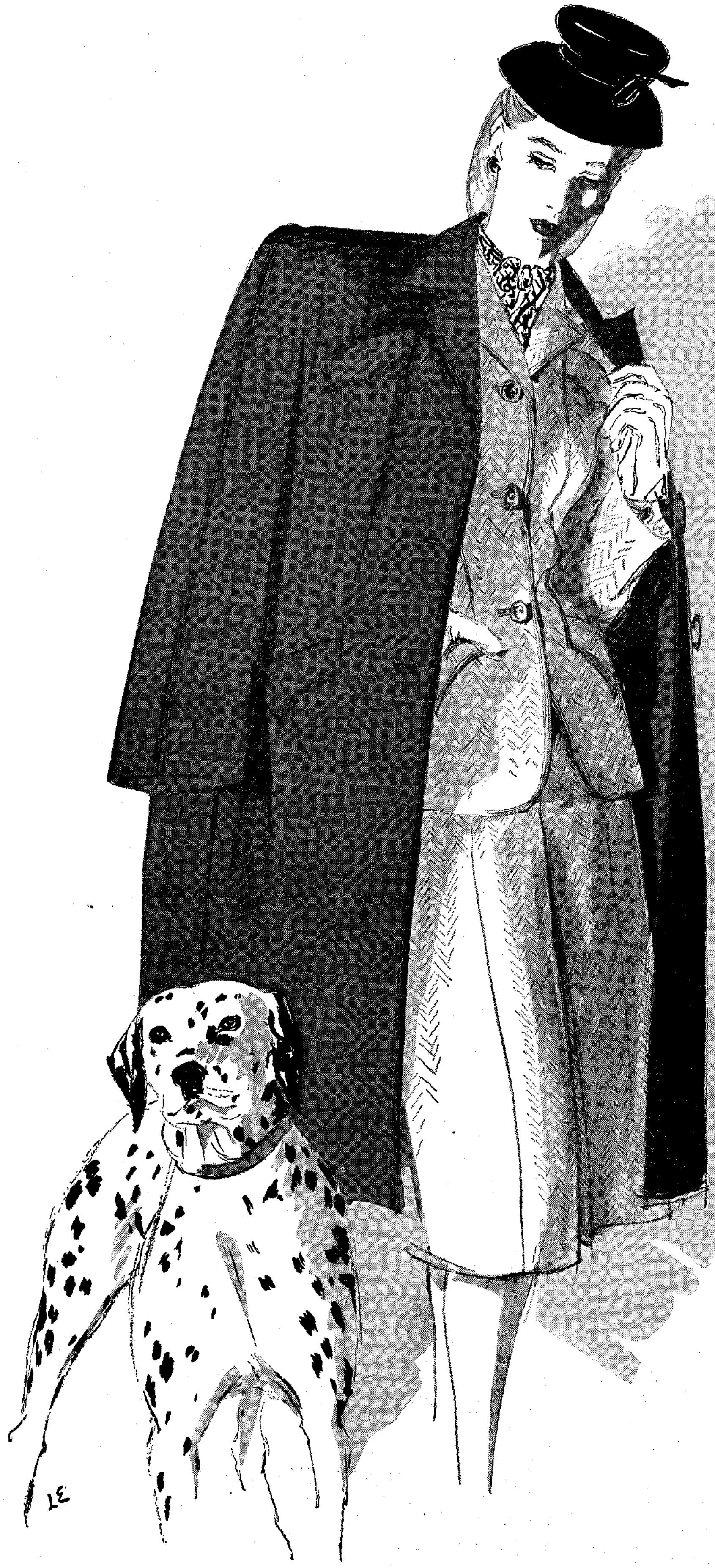

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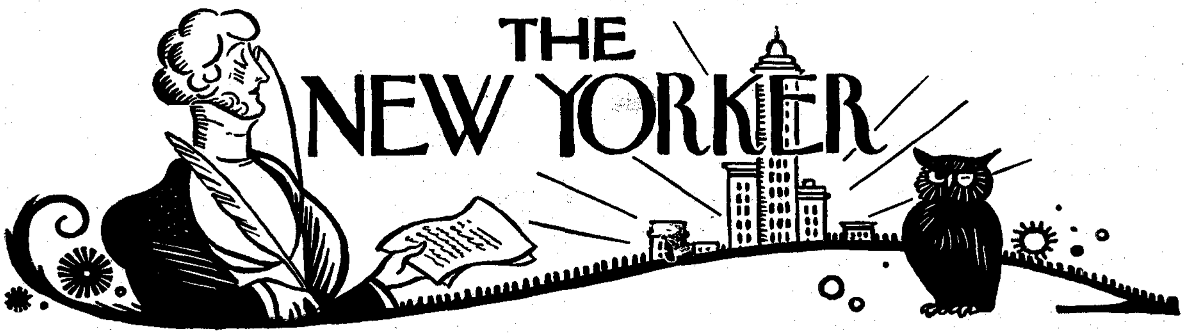


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWENTY years ago this week, *The New Yorker* put out its first issue. Our intentions were innocent and our foresight dim. We armed ourself with a feather for tickling a few chins, and now, twenty years later, we find ourself gingerly holding a glass tube for transfusing blood. Perhaps we should have expected this sort of adventure, but we feel like a man who left his house to go to a Punch-and-Judy show and, by some error in direction, wandered into "Hamlet."

IN the early days, we advocated moving the information booth at Penn Station out into the center of the room. Now, on our twentieth birthday, we seem to be advocating moving the government of the world's people up to a new level. This indicates a certain consistency of thought. In the case of Penn Station, it just seemed to us that people would be best served if everything were right out in the open. In the case of world government, it just seems to us that people will be best served when everything is right out in the open.

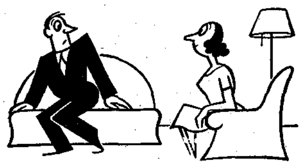
For the benefit of our younger readers, whose memories don't go back to 1925, we might mention that we succeeded with Penn Station.

WE have been in a good position to observe the effect on writers and artists of war and trouble. Many times we have wanted to fold the magazine up; it is hard to remain seated on the low hummocks of satire and humor in the midst of grim events. A satirist at breakfast may get a firm grip on his day's work from the front page of his newspaper, only to have the whole thing drop out from under him when his eye reaches the casualty list. He then spends the remainder of the day avoiding a typewriter. In wartime the writer almost inevitably becomes propagandist and advocate, and although he may not realize it, he is operating against the grain, for the deepest instinct of a creative person is not to promote the world's cause but to keep the minutes of his own meeting. When this instinct is disturbed, deep emotional and functional changes take place in writers and scare the daylights out of editors, who still face the same old problem of getting out the next issue.

IN the course of celebrating this twentieth birthday, we fished down into the bottom drawer of our desk and uncovered a folder marked "Dead stuff." Most of the corpses were in note form—jottings for possible use. They dated from the early months of 1941, when young males were being drafted for "a year of defense training." An octopus had been named *Octopus roosevelti.* A girl in Illinois had written the papers, protesting that vegetarians in the Army were being forced to eat steak. Stern's was offering a military brush made from the teakwood deck of H.M.S. Iron Duke. Twenty-six "how-to-do" books were on sale in the bookshops.

In the "Dead" folder was one completed paragraph. It reported that German invasion troops had been issued a booklet giving them some phonetic English for use when they invaded Britain. Phrases like "Schatt aop" and "Juh ahr my prisenes." We remember exactly what happened to that paragraph. It was written on the afternoon of May 6, 1941. That evening Secretary Stimson spoke on the radio and proposed that the United States protect her convoys to Britain with warships. Next morning we came to work with a pretty good idea that there would be no invasion of Britain, that this country would inevitably get into the war, and that sooner or later Germany would have her ears pinned back. We filed the paragraph with the other corpses in the bottom drawer, and we schatt that drawer aop.

PSYCHIATRISTS and rehabilitation experts are busy setting the stage for the returning veteran. They are fairly well agreed that when the fighting man comes home he will require special handling. He will leap up in rage when he hears the baby cry, he will be unready to look for a job, and he will be unprepared for the resumption of the mild and constraining intimacies of married life. This may all be true, but we suspect that the rehabilitation people are frightening thousands of girls with these warnings and unfitting them to be the wives of returning soldiers. Girls are receiving so many instructions about pulling a man through the postwar marital-adjustment period that they are going to be something of a domestic problem themselves. A man can endure plenty of things and can adjust to many situations, but he can't endure being treated with studied intelligence by any other member of his household. A husband would rather be caught in the beam of an enemy searchlight than in the awful glare of an understanding woman. Our advice to girls who have husbands in the war is to relax. Besides, there is a good chance that your husband is going to be rather glad to get home and that he will act with a fair degree of normality, amiability, and even enthusiasm. It's all right to mix the old warrior a drink, but our advice is to mix yourself one first—you probably need it quite as much as he does.



THE legend of the Sixth Avenue "L" lingers on, like the memory of the cars in the sky. It was said, you know, that when the "L" was razed the scrap metal was sold to Japan and that since 1941 it has been killing American fighting men. Slow-footed truth has not yet caught up with the winged lie, and the canard of the Sixth Avenue "L" has now reached the two-color-display-advertising stage. In *Time* of January 22, the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company ran a full-page ad headed "Remember when we sent the 6th Avenue El to Pearl Harbor? We sold it to Japan for scrap, brother, and they threw it right back in our faces!" A gripping story, but untrue. Ninety-eight per cent of the salvaged steel and iron from the "L" went to the Bethlehem Steel Company, in Pennsylvania, for remelting. One and nine-tenths per cent went to W. Ames & Co., in New Jersey, for remelting. The remaining small fraction went to a New Jersey garage. The lead and copper were sold in New York. Japan got no part of that little old railway, and don't let the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company tell you different, even if they *are* your brother.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Housewives with a judicial bias may now buy and serve Supreme Court Brand apple sauce.

The Gramophone Shop is listed twice in the Manhattan telephone directory, once under "Gramophone" and again under "Gramaphone," for the benefit of customers who are not always right.

In Los Angeles, streetcar motormen are officially called trolley pilots.

Service

A BRISK business girl we know took lunch at a tearoom the other day and was served by a large-eyed, dreamy young lady who had presumably been dredged up from among the unemployables. "I'll have the meat loaf, and tea with my lunch, please," the business lady said. "Tea with lemon."

"Tea or coffee?" the waitress asked.

"I'll have tea with lemon with my lunch."

"Will you have it with your lunch or afterwards?"

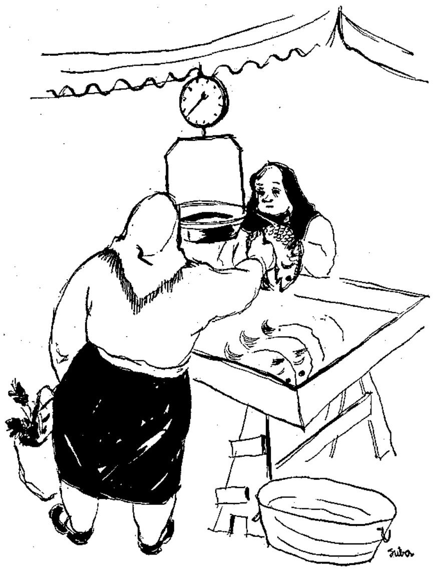
"Tea with lemon with my lunch."

"Cream or lemon?"

Just

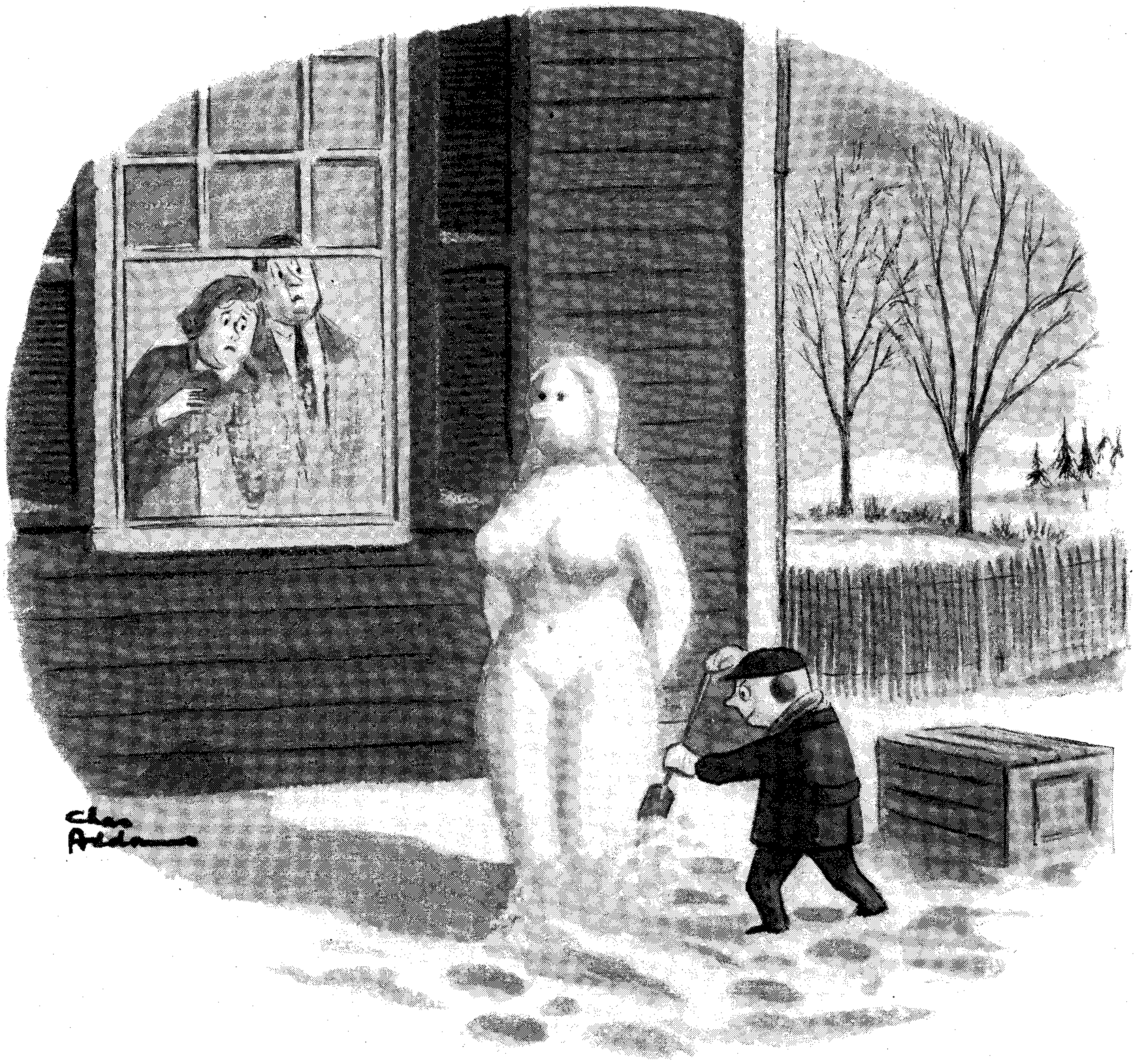
SOME weeks ago, our readers may recall, we had a talk with Professor Denis Brogan, a visiting English scholar who had just written a book about the United States and had found a good deal in us to approve of. Now Jan-Albert Goris, the Belgian Commissioner of Information in this country, has written a book in pretty much the same vein. It's entitled "Strangers Should Not Whisper" and is being published this week. As soon as we got wind of the book (and you have no idea how quickly a wind can spring up in publishing circles), we arranged an appointment with M. Goris. He is a dark, monkish-looking man who occupies a monkish-looking cell in Radio City. We're glad to be able to report that he made us feel better about being an American than even Professor Brogan did. First thing anybody knows, as we told M. Goris, we'll be getting self-conscious; up to the past year or so we hadn't dreamed that anybody cared.

Though we hoped, for the sake of our fellow-countrymen, to make a good impression, we felt obliged to ask M. Goris what the title of his book meant. "I assure you I didn't just invent it for the occasion," he said. "It's a genuine West African proverb and can be found in Mr. Mencken's 'Dictionary of Quotations.' What I take it to mean is that if a stranger is going to say anything at all, he ought to say it loud enough so he can be heard. That's what I've tried to do in this." M. Goris tapped a copy of the book with his fingers. "I say it so: The way to repay America for its hospitality is to speak frankly about the problems common to this country and ours, about the differences that divide us. For example, most Europeans are full of misgivings about the future. Well, we who have lived in America—even those of us who have lived on this little island of Manhattan for only four years—can go home and tell our friends about a nation that believes in the future so much that it's apparently more afraid of tattletale gray than of death."



M. Goris happens to have seen more of the country than many natives. He spent 1926 and 1927 as a student at the University of Washington, in Seattle, and took time off on his way to and from there to study the speech and customs of the primitive keep-cool-with-Coolidge period. Back in Belgium, he set out on three more or less separate careers—writing, teaching, and public administration. He wrote some twenty books of essays and poetry under the pseudonym of Marnix Gijsen. ("Professional people in Belgium are expected to write under a false name," M. Goris told us. "It preserves a sense of their amateur standing. But sooner or later everyone knows whom the false name belongs to.") He also served as professor of economic history at the University of Louvain and at the National Institute of Fine Arts in Antwerp, and filled a number of government offices. In 1937, in the early LaGuardia period, he came to this country again and arranged with Grover Whalen for the participation of Belgium in the New York World's Fair. In 1939 he came here once more to take charge of the Belgian exhibit at the Fair, and in 1940 the Belgian government-in-exile appointed him Commissioner of Information for Belgium in the American Hemisphere. This is the longest title he has had so far.

"There was no job I could do better," M. Goris told us. "After all, the Nazis had seen to it that I couldn't go home. And I have been as happy here as anyone could expect. I have learned to drink one soda with two straws. I have learned to say 'Hi!' with the proper inflections, to make it indicate hatred, indifference, or love. When I go back to Belgium, I will be able to say, as I say in my book, 'Listen, a sexton of the Congregational Church in Walla Walla is very much like the sexton of Bouillon. In both these houses of worship there is an old maid who plays an asthmatic organ while the dapper congregation remains off-key.' I will say, 'A few thousand refugees spent four years on the American continent. We must explain, we refugees, that whatever happens on those shores, whatever violence may upset the social order, there is something indestructible in America, something that Europe needs. We will not swoon at the mention of Broadway or the Loop or Beacon Hill. Being Europeans, we will be critical, but we will be just. We will try to be just.' If we



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refugees can do this, we will not have wasted our exile and you will not have wasted your hospitality."

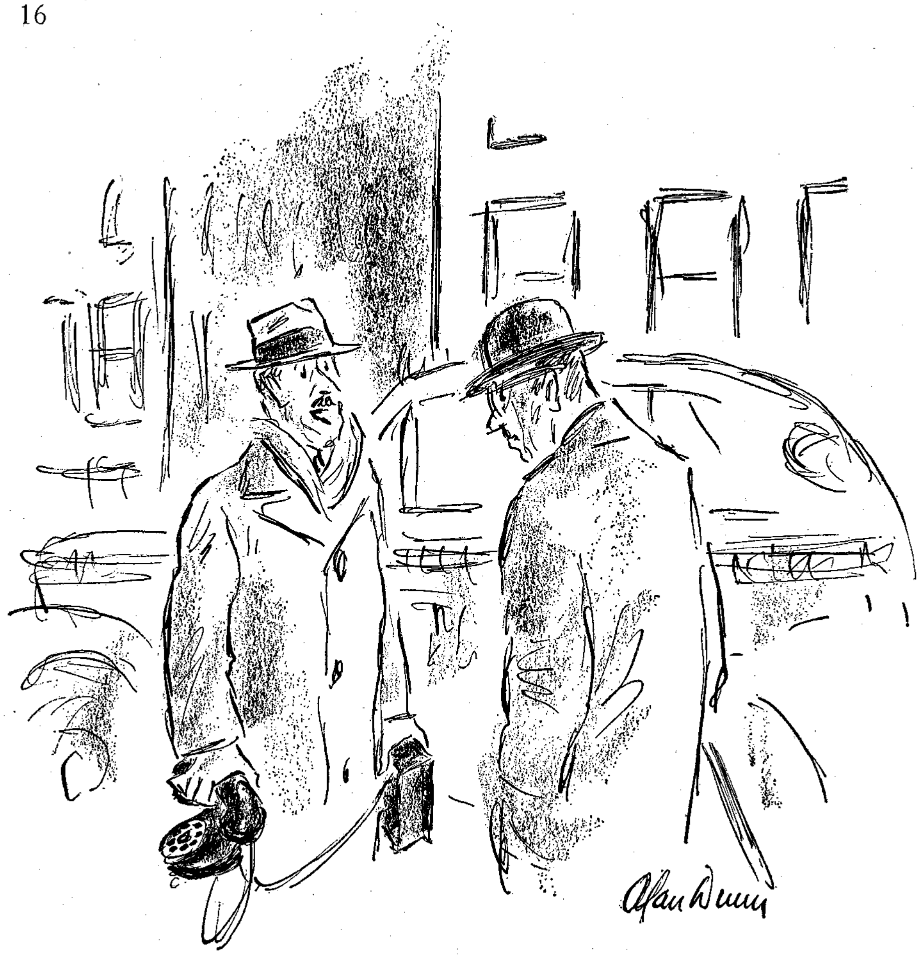
Small Mystery

ONE of our Third Avenue correspondents (whose expense account, by the way, has gone up since the house stopped buying every fourth drink) stood for a while one afternoon at a bar near a man in a fedora, who kept puffing at a cigar, and staring at the bartender. "What's on your mind, Jack?" the bartender inquired after some time. "I dunno," the man in the fedora said, shaking the ash off his cigar. "You look a hell of a lot like somebody I know, and I been trying to think who the hell it is." The bartender shrugged. "Maybe my brother," he said. "He works here nights." The customer nodded reflectively. "Maybe that's it. Maybe that's it," he said.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Rhineland, as it was defined by the Treaty of Versailles, corresponds pretty closely to the Rhineland of song and story and *National Geographic*. That is, it runs from the Dutch to the Swiss border and takes in the land from the west bank of the Rhine to the western German frontier and a strip thirty-one miles wide on the eastern bank. This area, which is something over twenty thousand square miles, constituted about an eighth of pre-Nazi Germany; however, it contained about one-fifth of the population and an even greater proportion of industrial resources and tourist attractions. The Rhineland includes the Saar and a large part of the Ruhr, centers of iron and steel production; the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest; and one-third of all German cities of over twenty thousand population, a total of seventy-seven. Also, the Rhineland is the birthplace of Beethoven, Goethe, the Rothschild family, Gutenberg, the Neanderthal man, and the hot dog.

The Rhineland was, of course, occupied after the last war by American, English, and French troops, but until recently it had not been under enemy fire within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It has been a political buffer for at least twenty centuries, though,



"I finally managed to get a telephone but I still can't find an apartment."

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starting with the days when it was the eastern frontier of the Roman Empire and the German tribes were licking their chops just beyond. Its history since then has been a series of attempts by various rulers and combinations of rulers to keep it a buffer state. Incidentally, the "Wacht am Rhein" and the "Marseillaise" were both intended to refer to the defense of the Rhine. Although the people of the Ruhr and the Saar were always thought to be dour, practical, and unimaginative, the inhabitants of the rest of the Rhineland for many decades had the reputation of being gentle, fond of fun and good living, and patient with other Germans. They dislike Prussians and enjoy pointing out that they were civilized (as Germans go) when the Prussians were wild tribesmen. They were constantly holding those fairs and mardis gras which lent so much spice to the prewar newsreel. Even the coal miners had one day a year when they made merry by sticking a feather in their caps before they went down to work.

The Saar is the most densely populated region in western Europe. A good many of the miners and industrial workers used to commute as much as twenty-five miles a day for the privilege of living where they could have a garden and keep a goat, locally known as "the miner's cow." The town of Cochem used to be known for its love of practical jokes, many of which took on a civic character and got so elaborate that no one was able to do much of anything else. The townsfolk once held a trial of the moles that had been disturbing their vineyards; the moles pleaded not guilty but were sentenced to eternal imprisonment under the earth. The castles-on-the-Rhine country lies between Bonn and Bingen. A certain stretch of river bank there has a castle every mile. One of the Rhine castles is named Katzenellenbogen, or "cats' elbows," and another used to belong to a member of the old New York family the RHinelanders. There are several famous spas in the Rhineland, including Wiesbaden, which was favorably mentioned by Pliny, and Baden-Baden, where there were baths reserved for royalty. In the Schwarzwald live a prosperous peasant folk who conduct a thriving cuckoo-clock-and-wooden-toy business and who have a number of quaint wedding customs we have no intention of discussing at this point.

Friend

A YOUNG lady who works in one of the department stores writes us that her way of keeping interested in a dullish job is to peek into the wallets of the male customers while they are taking out money to pay for their purchases, to see whose picture is inside. It's a predictable matter, she says: a young man will have a pretty girl, an older man a baby or so, and a really old boy a young girl again, presumably his daughter. One man, though, had a picture of a pig. To be sure, it was a handsome, well-groomed pig, and it was standing on the front steps of a house, but it was a pig for all that.

Stuff of Dreams

ONE of the progressive schools hereabouts allowed a publisher of children's books to test its pupils' reaction to a manuscript the company was considering, an educational tale dealing with the customs of our Latin-American neighbors. The hero of the story is a little boy who dreams educational dreams of every country down there, and this stuck in the craw of one of the tots to whom the book was read. "If I were dreaming, I would not dream about geography," he commented.

Strictly Peanuts

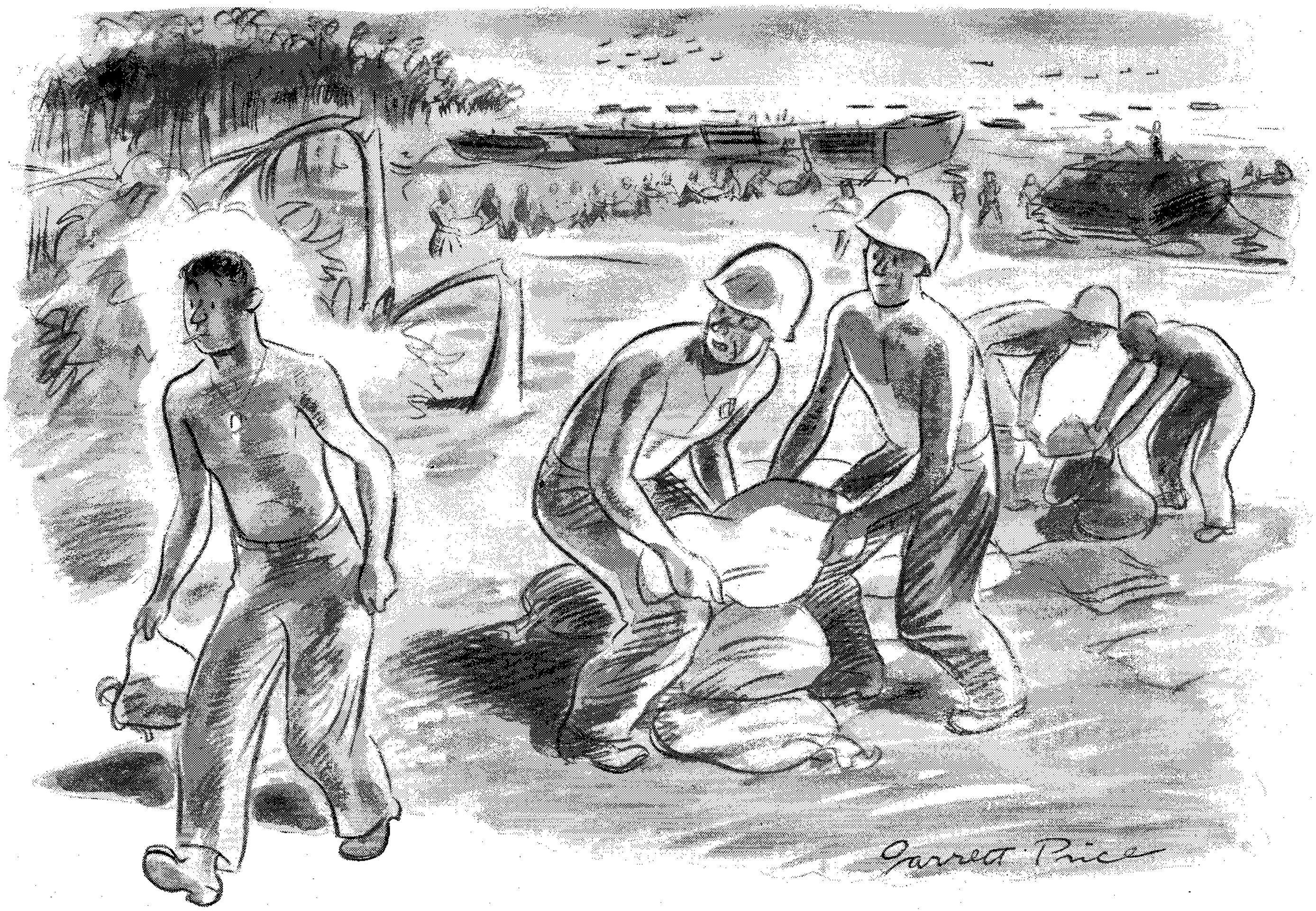
WITH a wary eye peeled for Fiorello, we set out last week to have a talk with a tinhorn friend of ours and find out something about betting on basketball, which has been agitating people ever since it came out that gamblers had bribed five boys in Brooklyn to throw a game. When we were in knee pants and fascinated by the sport, even high-class teams were not above using barrel hoops in lieu of regulation baskets, but now the game is important stuff and attracts thousands of customers to Madison Square Garden. Our man told us right off that basketball betting has never interested chronic horseplayers and is viewed with utter disdain by horse bookies, however disreputable. "A horse guy," our man said, "ain't interested in anything but horses, and when they shut the tracks, all the legit bookies shut their books. You hear a lot of chatter about Erickson and Costello being mixed up in this basketball business, but what the hell would men like them be doing mixing up with a lot of kids and top bets of a couple of hundred? You put a fix on a basketball game and the first thing you know one of the boys is telling his girl all about it or waving a century note around and you're headed for a spell on the Island. The whole thing's strictly peanuts and strictly for jerks from Brownsville."

Having a catholic interest in such matters, we quizzed our sporting friend on the modus operandi of this peanut betting. "It works out," he said, "the same way as football betting. Say you bet on the favorite. Then you got to give the bookie so many points. You give him eight and your team wins by seven—you lose. Suppose you bet the other way. You bet the long shot won't lose by more than seven points and it loses by eight—you lose again. Even on two well-matched teams you got to give points. With a proper book, the bookie don't take any risk at all, and he sets the points himself. But some of these guys are so dumb they could even get a Dutch book on a basketball game." Having informed us that a Dutch book is one that leaves the gambler in the hole, our man went on to tell us that basketball bookies provide customers with a dope sheet called the *Basketball Record,* which is printed in Minneapolis and sells for twenty-five cents a copy. The *Record* lists the scores teams all over the country have run up against various opponents but doesn't include any of the arcane lore of race-track tip sheets.

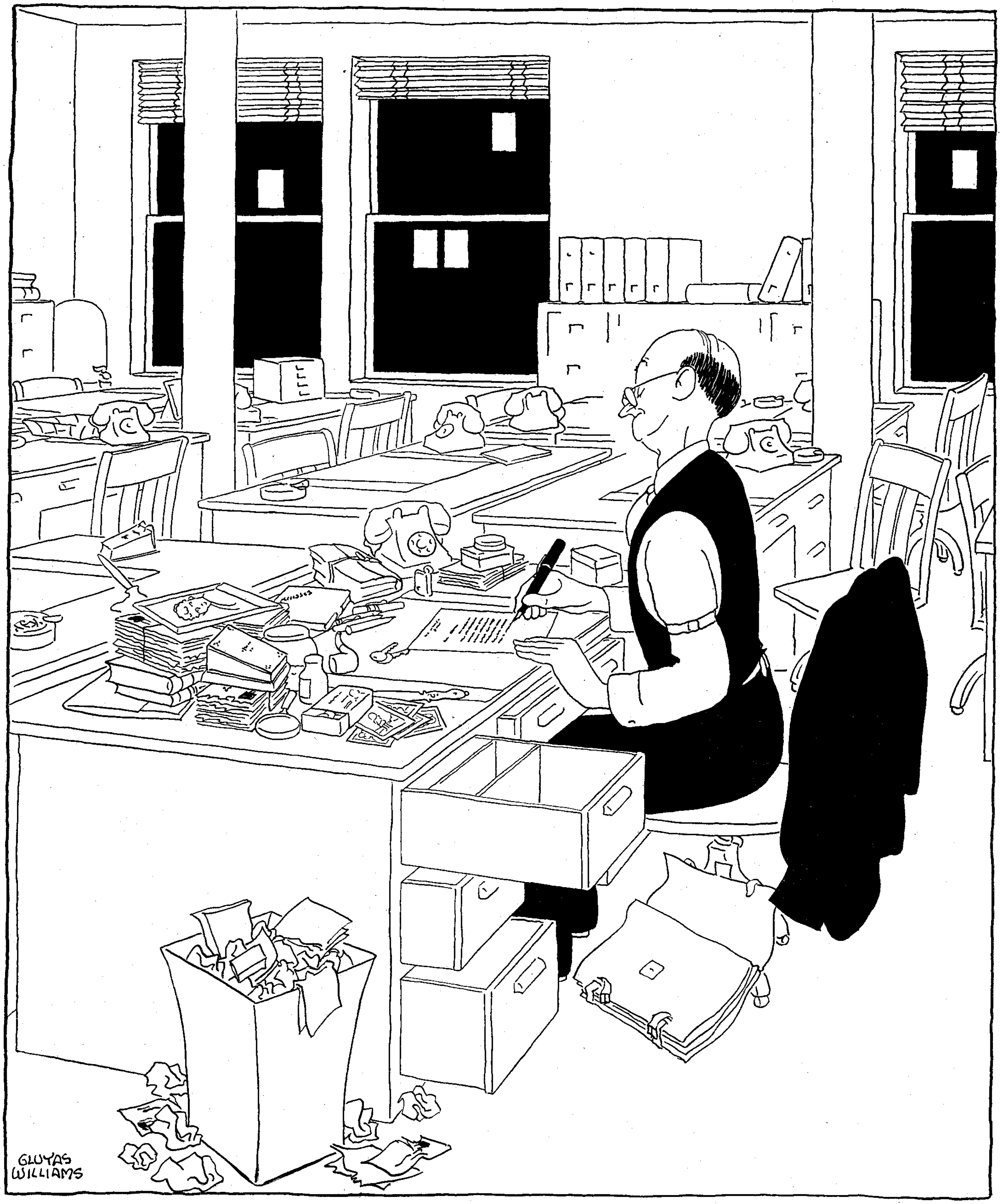
On the subject of rigging basketball games, our man—maybe we better start calling him Gus—provided rather a spate of information. "A lot of these kids," Gus said, "play semi-pro ball as well as college ball, like, say, for a factory in Jersey or some private club, usually under phony names. So they get around a little and meet some fast operators. The way the deal is made usually is to offer to put a few bucks on the opposing team for the players that are willing to miss a few shots. The way these kids play basketball now is like three-cushion billiards and some of them can make a ball roll three times around the rim and fall out any time they want to. This Brooklyn job is the first time I ever heard of passing the dough right over the counter. But this thiefy stuff has been going on for years. As long ago as 1935 the chisellers were laying bets for the players. It's always a risky proposition, though. You never know when some substitute's coming in to do or die and knock all your plans for a loop." Gus paused for a moment, and then went on, thoughtfully, "I hate to say it, but this time I got to agree with the Little Flower. It's an awful cheap heel would put a nice bunch of boys on the rocks just for a few grand. Why, if there's over twenty-five thousand dollars changes hands on any game, I'd be pretty surprised, and the bookies only have a piece of that."

Surprise

A LADY on a commuters' train from Westport shared a seat with a youthful seaman to whom, after the usual conversation about the weather, she offered her copy of the *Times.* He took it, inspected the date line, and then said with some astonishment, "My gosh, does this come out on weekdays, too?"



"Hey, you! Give a hand here—or—perhaps you're an officer, sir."



THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Mr. Wreebley:—Inasmuch as our discussion over the handling of the bills of lading has terminated with Mr. Johnson deciding in favor of Mr. Frost instead of me, I have no alternative but to hand in my resignation, to take effect as of today. Not only has Mr. Frost refused to coöperate, but I have had difficulty with Miss Prester in the shipping department, and since I have a better offer to go elsewhere, I have no alternative but to . . ."

"TO KEEP IT HOLY"

AS a boy, I read the usual fairy tales every little American knows, even though most of my childhood was spent in China. My father was a Presbyterian missionary, so of course the nursery bookshelf held a Bible. Right next it, though, was a fat copy of Grimm, which my sister liked to read. I was more literal-minded. In fact, the fairy tale about Rapunzel so irked me on first reading that I became furious at my sister for liking it.

"It's impossible to climb up anyone's hair," I insisted one day.

"It isn't," my sister replied coldly. "You've never tried."

That night in the nursery, while the amah was brushing out my sister's waist-long hair, I seized my chance and showed her. The spanking which the amah promptly administered with my sister's hairbrush did not change my critical views.

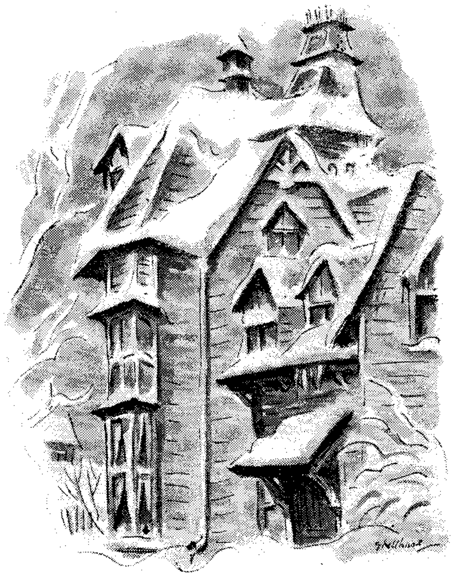
Stories in which animals carried on long colloquies, or fantasies like "A Connecticut Yankee," were, on the other hand, quite acceptable. The whole point, it seemed to me, was to keep one's worlds properly defined. If the thing pretended to be fact, it ought to be fact; if it shrugged its shoulders and said, "This is just a good story, and no one would even begin to believe it," that was fine, but to dash back and forth was simply a sign of weak-mindedness and bad taste. Even the fall of Jericho and Joshua's halting of the sun were saved from my censure only because they were in the Bible, and then they were such whoppers that it was almost worth while to believe in them out of daring.

THOUGH I still bring much of this feeling with me to any fictional event, I am no longer as critical as I used to be, for ever since I crossed the Pacific in 1923 on the President Pierce, I have known that miracles, or at least half-miracles, are not beyond ordinary human experience.

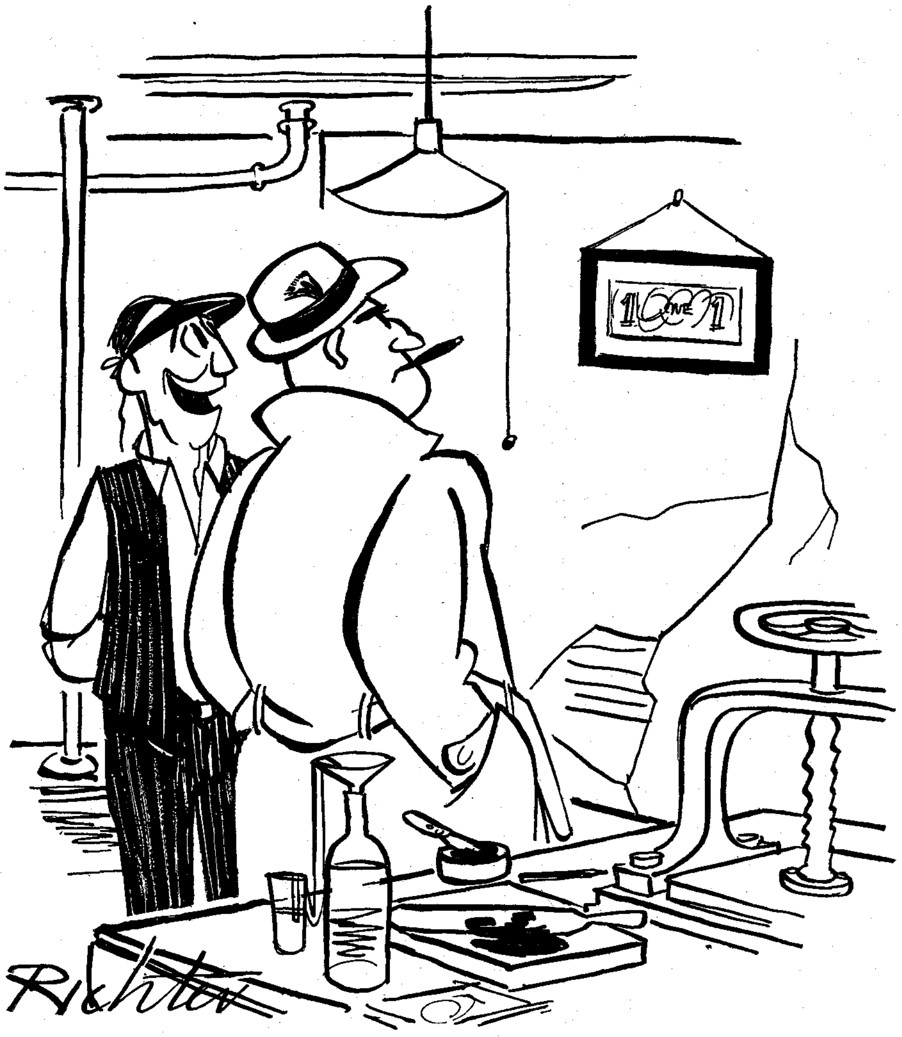
Father had taken my mother and both of us children home to America for a missionary furlough and the President Pierce was carrying us back to China. I was ten then and my sister thirteen. The President Pierce was an American ship which affected to be one class and which was popular with missionaries; on this voyage it carried an unusually large group of the godly. One class, however, did not mean one price. It meant that some cabins were cheaper than others, and that whoever gave the biggest bribe got the best service. The cabin Father and I shared had, we soon decided, been marked down because it got the full blast of all the galley smells. When the wind sat in a certain quarter, the porthole scoop caught bits of sour bread and decayed fish. After two years in America, I knew that this was very democratic in its own way, so I shut the porthole and spent most of my time on deck. 1923 was one of the flapper years; consequently there was always plenty to see there. From the opening of the unofficial bar (there was no real bar, since this was during prohibition) to the last waltz in the ballroom, ship's life was an eye-opener to us children. There were even women on board who smoked brazenly in public, to the horror of the missionary contingent. The line between the sheep and the goats was distinct, and we of the chosen people looked in sad wonderment at our doomed fellow-passengers. I was myself saved from perdition only by the strict action of my parents when they caught me in a performance of the shimmy for the other missionary offspring.

My sister and I spent the mornings wandering about the deck or writing long letters on ship's stationery. After lunch we played shuffleboard, pitched quoits, or disported ourselves in the swimming tank, a large canvas bag which sloshed its water back and forth with the roll of the ship. In the evenings we watched the dancing and kept an eye on the unofficial bar until we were sent off to bed.

It was during this crossing that I scored the only uncontested athletic triumph of my life. On the afternoon of the inevitable races for children, my parents firmly shoved me forward when my age group was called. I hated any sort of athletic event because I never won a prize and I always felt unnecessarily humiliated. But I had learned during my two years in America that contests were a part of democracy, so I dragged myself glumly to the starting line and waited for the others. Everyone waited. Then it became apparent that I was the only person of my age on board. After a brief consultation the judges handed me all the prizes for ten-year-olds, and I retired in the face of prolonged applause. Democracy, I felt at that moment, wasn't so bad as long as you didn't have to be democratic *with* anyone.



IN fact, the only thing that seriously marred that crossing was the weariness of getting through Sundays. If the missionaries had had their say, the ship would have been hove to every Sabbath, and we would have wallowed piously in the waves. Luckily, the missionaries had nothing to say about the running of the ship, but spiritually we children did more or less heave to on Sundays, as we drifted through the day's doldrums. Mornings were spent at devotions. These were tedious, ecumenical services. The Catholics took over the ladies' lounge and performed their rituals after their own manner, sensibly and without interference. The Protestants, however, tried to be tolerant and democratic. They took over the main lounge as one group. This was an error. We would have got on much better if the Episcopalians had been put in one room, the Methodists shut off in another, the Y.M.C.A. sent out on deck, and the swimming tank left to the Baptists, while we Presbyterians nipped through our Calvinistic simplicities in any convenient corner. Instead, we had a community service, which spun out endlessly because we had so many different gods to satisfy. We shouted through a Baptist hymn and then flopped to our knees for a string of Episcopal prayers. These always seemed to be on the point of ending, only to start up again after each "Amen" in the most absurd fashion, a habit which usually caught a good Presbyterian halfway between his seat and his knees. A Presbyterian hymn might follow, and then a Methodist sermon, topped off with the Lord's Prayer, during which everyone would get in a mess between "debts" and "trespasses." Then we would grope for the prayer book and rattle through some responses, followed by a long



"It's the first dollar I ever made."

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Y.M.C.A. prayer which obtusely criticized the sermon at length and came to an athletic conclusion as it demanded funds for work with the U. S. Navy.

Meanwhile, the unregenerate spent the morning muttering in the passageways and grumbling on deck as they waited for the unofficial bar to open. Generally the missionaries and the damned got on tolerably well, but on Sundays we lived through an armed truce. Most agonizing were Sunday afternoons, when the damned and their children happily splashed in the tank and had the shuffleboards, quoits, and deck-tennis courts to themselves, while we who were saved made a pale pretense of devoting our minds to mastering another section of the Shorter Catechism. The Shorter Catechism is a splendid piece of work, but there are times when its limitations are almost unbearable.

IT may be that the captain played *deus ex machina* just for fun; it may be that things really fell as he announced. In any event, a fantastic rumor about an announcement the captain had posted on the bulletin board began circulating among the missionary children one Saturday afternoon a few days out from Honolulu. When my sister and I picked up the tale, we ran to the bulletin board. It was true, but we decided to hold our fire until evening.

After supper that night our family strolled the deck. At last my sister spoke. "You know," she said, "I can hardly wait till tomorrow afternoon to go swimming again."

"Me too," I said.

Mother looked at us. "But, children, tomorrow is Sunday," she pointed out patiently. "*We* don't go swimming on *Sunday*, you know."

"I beg your pardon," I said politely, "but tomorrow is Monday, and we *do* go swimming on *Monday*."

"Don't be silly, John," Father broke in. "Today is Saturday, and of course tomorrow is Sunday."

"I beg your pardon, Father," my sister said calmly. "Tomorrow *is* Monday."

"Stop being absurd, children," Mother put in mildly.

"We aren't being absurd," I said, unable to hold back any longer. "Today is Saturday and tomorrow is Monday, because tonight we cross the International Date Line!"

"That's the truth," my sister said with authority. "There's a notice on the bulletin board."

Presbyterian logic seemed, for once, powerless. The captain wisely kept himself to the bridge. No services were posted for the next morning. During the rest of the evening my sister and I held fast and refused to be shaken by any tricks of seminary sophistry. By the time we went to bed, we knew that for the Catholics, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Episcopalians, and the Y.M.C.A., the next day was Monday. But Father stubbornly withheld a Presbyterian ruling. My sister and I knew, as we had always known, that Presbyterians were creatures apart, yet for this once we had no wish to make our superiority conspicuous. When we got into bed we still did not know what the next day was to be.

At midnight I wakened to the ship's bell and fleetingly sensed the influence of the Lord's Day brush over me and slide into the past as I turned over into the new day.

Breakfast next morning was a silent, tense meal. Not until it was over and we were ready to leave the table did we children speak to Father.

"Well?" my sister said at last.

"Well?" I echoed.

Father took a sip of water and then delivered his judgment, a judgment that again set us apart as Presbyterians, a judgment that, in my eyes, made Solomon little more than infantile beside Father.

"Children," said Father, with scarcely the trace of a smile, "children, today is Sunday until twelve o'clock; after twelve o'clock today is Monday."

—John J. Espey

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Vancouver* (*B.C.*) *Daily Province*]

Earlier in the trial Sgt. Charles Palmer and Constable George Pinchin, in describing the disrobing act to the court, said the women were stripped to their brassieres.

"What's a brassiere?" asked Magistrate Wood.

He was told.

proached. Now was to be my moment of triumph. Sign language, indeed!

"Bitte?"

"Deux wein."

NOT until eight years later did I set foot in Trier and Winterich and meet in the flesh any untransplanted Germans who bore my own name. By that time I was married, and Emily, my wife, who happened to have been born in Austria, spoke a German which, though rusty from disuse, was adequate for all impractical purposes. For example, if I said, "Find out if the ten thirty-five for Berlin carries a diner," her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth. Ten minutes after the train started, however, she would be in voluble conversation with the mother of three tow-headed youngsters or with a Cologne businessman, commuting to his home in Düsseldorf, who was maintaining, with no great vehemence, that America should have kept out of the war.

However, Emily and I reached Trier, on a quiet September evening, without too great a strain on her German. A cab bore us through dimly lighted streets to the Hotel Porta Nigra, opposite which the Black Gate itself, sturdy relic of Rome's ancient overlordship of Europe, loomed solidly in the night. We arranged for a taxi to call for us the following morning to carry us the twenty-five kilometres to Winterich, for it appeared that the ancestral acres were not on the railroad.

The taxi turned out to be one of those incredibly decrepit affairs which operate largely on the unassailable faith of their drivers. Our driver was of a piece with his vehicle, but quieter. The road led out into the country, past terraced hillsides on which the vineyards stretched like festoons of camouflage. There is no spot on earth where the grape is cultivated more intensively. These Moselle vineyards were flourishing when the slopes of the Rhine were dark forest to the water's edge and the Roman sentry on the left bank gazed awesomely eastward into terra incognita. And while my own preference is a Pommard or a Chablis, I am liberal in these matters and have never turned down a glass of a Berncasteler Doktor.

An hour's gentle jolting brought Emily and me to the river's edge at a point where a whitewashed flatboat was moored. This, it appeared, was the ferry that was to carry us over to Winterich. I was relieved to learn that the taxi would wait for us on the northern bank. A steel cable reaching from shore to shore passed through rings affixed to poles at the ends of the craft, and the operator, who was even less loquacious than the taxi driver (which means that, for lack of evidence to the contrary, he might actually have been dumb), poled us across. The river was barely fifty yards wide and there seemed to be next to no current. The passage was without incident.

I set foot in Winterich for the first (and so far for the last) time with an accelerated pulse and quivering nostrils, the latter phenomenon induced by a pervasive odor of cow dung. Its ubiquitous cowness remains to this day my great, inclusive recollection of Winterich. Though it might be in the heart of a famous wine country, Winterich evidently put its trust in a milder and more elemental tipple.

It took us less than five minutes to pass Winterich's half-dozen houses and get to the other end of town along a dusty road over which no other traffic was moving. The final evidence of the hand of man, before fields and woods took over, was a small, walled-in, overgrown cemetery with a locked iron gate. It could not have been more than an acre in extent. Tall weeds held full sway. Such tombstones as were visible through the tangle were askew and illegible. I decided that if any ancestors of mine were laid away in this unkempt and desolate spot, then so far as I was concerned their rest would remain unbroken. We walked back toward the ferry.

So far we had seen no living soul, but now a black-smocked urchin appeared from nowhere, and, after gazing at us for some moments in a mixture of contempt, curiosity, and distrust, directed us, in response to our inquiry, to the residence of the *Bürgermeister*. It was a far from imposing structure, even though it was rather larger than any of its handful of neighbors.

A pleasant, fresh-faced *Hausfrau* came to the door, wiping her hands on her apron. *"Bitte?"* she said.

"Good morning," Emily began in German. "My man is called Winterich and we have come to see the village from which he takes his name. We are Americans."

"Bitte, bitte," said the *Frau Bürgermeister*, smiling and motioning us within.

We entered a narrow passageway that sliced the building in half. Judging by the sudden increase of the cow-dung odor the instant we entered, I suspected that the half on the left was a stable. The room on the right into which we were ushered was obviously a little-used salon which, save for the fact that it was much smaller, almost exactly duplicated the rural New England parlor of my childhood. The floor was covered by a carpet which, when new, must have been hideous in its garishness; time and wear had somewhat subdued its huge red flowers. There was a scarred upright piano topped by a dark velours drape which gave the ensemble the aspect of a sarcophagus. On a table stood a porcelain lamp, with a globe covered with more huge red flowers, and there were three chairs with green plush seats.

Would we seat ourselves, *bitte, bitte*, and we did, most uncomfortably. No, said the *Frau Bürgermeister*, there was no Winterich in the village. The last of that name had left long before her time. (I did not say so, but I thought they had been well advised. At least a yearning for something better characterized the family strain.) But, she went on, there were Winteriches in Trier.

I had been mildly put out by the fact that the few road signs I had noticed on the way to the village, and in the village itself, had read "WINTRICH." I am against simplified spelling on principle and I certainly am against having it applied to my own name. The *Frau Bürgermeister* said that the alteration went back to her girlhood, but was unable to account for it. She evidently did not care one way or the other. Right then I began to develop misgivings about the future of this new Germany. If higher authority could tinker indiscriminately with place names and nobody

HOME-TOWN STUFF

ANY day now, I shall probably read in the newspapers the heartening but embarrassing intelligence that an American armored spearhead has captured Winterich-an-der-Mosel. This dingy, down-at-heel Rhineland hamlet (it was dingy and down-at-heel in 1927 and I doubt if it has improved in the interval) was the place from which my emigrating paternal grandfather got his name and passed it along to me.

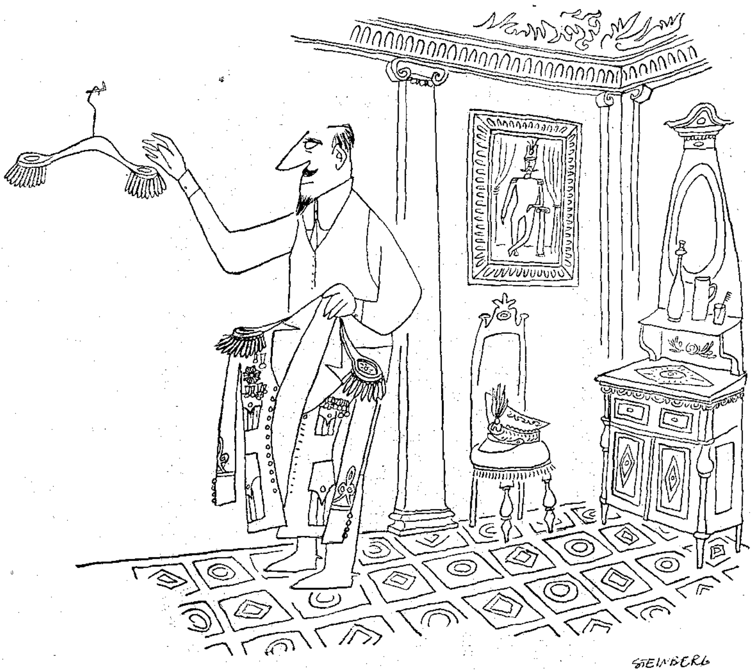
American troops have held Winterich-an-der-Mosel before. They were there, and a dull time they must have had, during the occupation of the Coblenz bridgehead a generation ago. Throughout their tenure, the name of Winterich-an-der-Mosel did not, so far as I am aware, appear in the headlines.

All through that other war, and particularly during the eighteen months I myself spent overseas, I lived in a state of palpitating apprehension lest a Winterich on the wrong side of the fence commit some vast indiscretion that would bring a fair name into disrepute. The closest approach to any such disaster came with the appointment to the German armistice delegation of an old-school Prussian general named von Winterfeldt—a designation, lacking the "von," which harried department-store salespersons have once or twice affixed to delivery tags on my purchases. Not until many years after the war did I learn that my near namesake had indeed committed that vast indiscretion which, had the perpetrator been a Winterich and had the story become public at the time, would have turned me crimson with shame. I had the story from an American who had served in the French Army as an officer on the staff of General Mangin. Mangin got it direct from Foch.

When the German armistice delegates entered the fateful dining car in the Forest of Compiègne, General von Winterfeldt, with taste incredibly bad even for a Prussian general, was wearing on his tunic the cross of the Legion of Honor. That was too much for Foch. He strode over to von Winterfeldt, removed the decoration, and put it in his own pocket. "That," Foch later told Mangin, "is my only war souvenir."

I asked my informant how in the world von Winterfeldt had earned the Legion of Honor. "A year or two before the war, the French put on a big military aviation show at Pau," he told me. "Anyway, it was big for that day. Von Winterfeldt was then German military attaché at Paris and attended in his official capacity. A grandstand collapsed and von Winterfeldt got a broken leg—and the Legion of Honor."

Von Winterfeldt died in retirement a few years ago. I recall breathing easier when I read the inconspicuous notice that signalled his passing; I should have nothing more to fear from him. I wish I could say as much for the Winteriches. For there is one Winterich about whom I still have grave doubts.



MY grandfather came to America in 1852 and died in 1867, when my father was two years old. The ties that bind me to the Rhineland, therefore, are extremely tenuous. But for as long as I can remember, I naturally had a sentimental interest in it and always hoped that I might one day visit it. That opportunity came in the spring of 1919, when I spent a few days in occupied Germany, chiefly at Coblenz and Cologne. My train passed through Trier without stopping, which was a disappointment, because Winterich is one of the villages which surround Trier, and because it was from Trier, his birthplace, that my grandfather had set out to make his way in the new world.

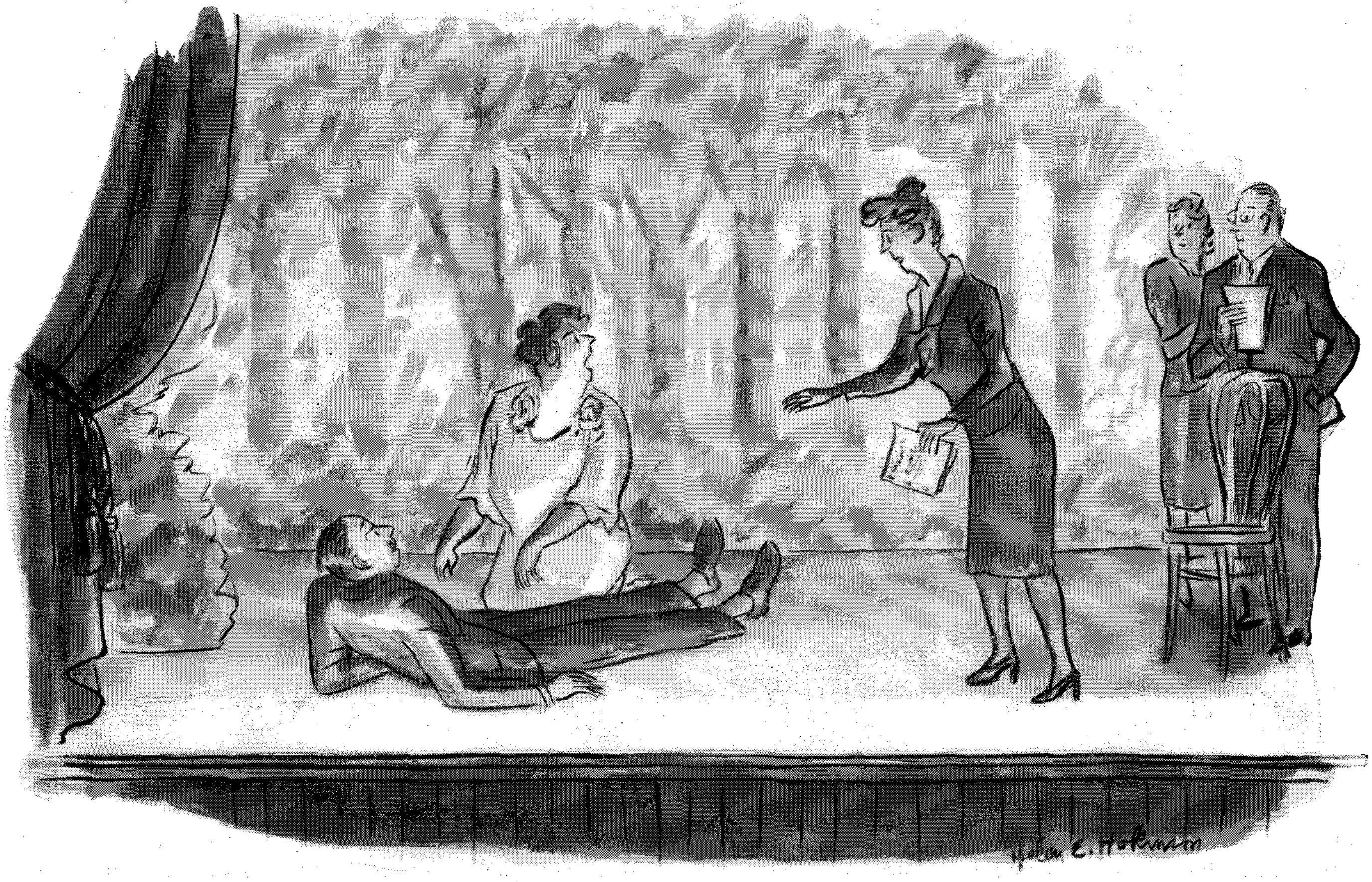
I remember that at Coblenz, in 1919, I explored a city directory and found several Winteriches listed there. Suggesting to a companion that he accompany me on a round of visits to these Winteriches (the non-fraternization regulation was off the books by this time), I was met by the retort that he was not interested in watching me converse with a swarm of eighth cousins in sign language. He added that I might not be altogether socially acceptable in the guise of a conquering hero.

Both these arguments were unanswerable. My German was, and is, of the most rudimentary. From my father I had learned half a dozen songs, the alphabet, and the cardinal numbers up to ten. Armed with this meagre equipment, I went to college and began my compulsory course in elementary German under the illusion that any truck with textbooks would be supererogatory and silly. I flunked the course handsomely and had to repeat it. During the repetition, I did study, but with a loathing so lusty that it enabled me to forget everything I learned as soon as it had served its purpose of getting me by.

I have forgotten, too, the instructor's name, but he was tall, spare, mustached, bespectacled, and something of a wag. On one occasion we were about to take on a new textbook, a collection of stories by Gottfried Keller, and we were simultaneously moving to a new classroom in the basement.

"*Morgen*," said the instructor, with a guttural chuckle, "*morgen lesen wir Keller im Keller.*" That is the only joke in German I know. Perhaps it is the only joke in German there is.

Well, I decided not to visit any Winteriches in Coblenz. I attempted to speak German there only once. My friend and I entered a café. It was mid-spring, the season of *Maiwein*, that sweet, sticky, spicy, and altogether mild and innocent concoction, served, if memory does not betray me, warm. We sat at a table. A waiter ap-



"I'm sorry, but I'm murdering Mr. Hodgson to the best of my ability!"

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gave a damn, the process might go on indefinitely and more radical alterations might be put into effect and accepted with equal complacency.

We talked inconsequentialities—that is, Emily and the *Frau Bürgermeister* talked them—for ten minutes lavishly sprinkled with *bitte*, *bittes*. A German can do a lot with a single *bitte* and more than twice as much with two. The double-barrelled *bitte* can be anything from the mark of cringing servility to the solicitous interrogation of an equal. It was in the latter sense that the *Frau Bürgermeister* used it. She was a pleasant person. However, if she is still alive, I am sure she is still convinced that it was the Communists who set fire to the Reichstag.

We took our leave, went down to the river bank, boarded the whitewashed flatboat, and were soon in our creaking cab on the way back to Trier. We were at the outskirts of the city when the big moment came.

"Look!" cried Emily, pointing to a huge gray stone building ahead. On the front wall, just above the ground-floor windows, was painted, in black Gothic letters a yard high, "GASTHAUS WINTERICH."

Our cab had trundled a hundred feet beyond this noble edifice before it occurred to me to call on the driver to stop. Besides, I did not know how to make a cab stop in German and had to ask Emily to help. She got it not only to stop but to back up, which was as great a feat mechanically as linguistically.

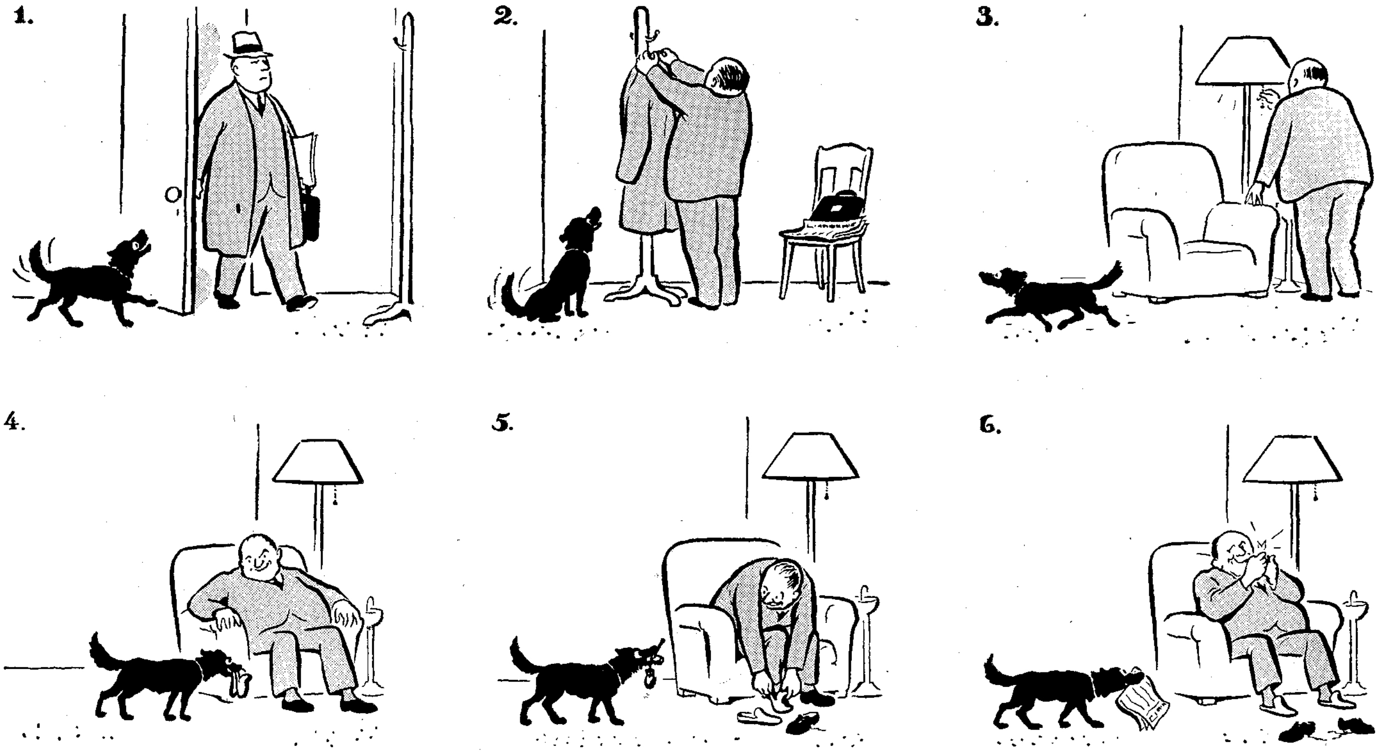
The Gasthaus Winterich was at the end of a streetcar line, and I suppose residents of the city often indulged in the mild dissipation of riding out for a glass of beer of an evening. I was tremendously impressed. This was the first saloon I had ever heard of in the family and I was delighted to find that it was such a big one.

We went in. The interior was cool and dark. There was about the premises a pleasant savor of beer and tobacco. The air circulated freely through open doors and windows, and the smell was not the stale stench of the morning after but a clean, honest, ingrained aroma with a tradition behind it. There may never have been high thinking in these agreeable purlieus, but I am sure there was, or had been, good drinking, hearty eating, and zestful song. It did not seem, at the moment, an ideal setting for a beer-hall putsch.

The room was deserted. Not one of the tables, each of which had its clean white cloth, was occupied. One explanation of this was the fact that it was three-thirty in the afternoon. Presently footsteps sounded behind a partition and a figure came into view.

The proprietor of the Gasthaus Winterich was impressive to look upon. He was perhaps twenty-five years old, six feet tall, and constructed like an All-American end. Though he wore a plain gray jacket and trousers, his black puttees gave him the appearance of being in uniform. I have never been able to figure out the reason for the puttees—they were hardly *de rigueur* for the proprietor of a *Gasthaus*.

Nor have I been able to account for the fact that he was accompanied by the largest German shepherd dog I have ever seen. He was holding the dog firmly by a very short leash, six inches or so long, as if the creature would otherwise be at our throats. Of the two, however, the dog certainly appeared to be the more amiable. The dog looked at us with inquiry but not with hostility. He did not growl or show his teeth. Neither, exactly, did his owner, but I expected him to at any instant. The



man was smooth-shaven, tight-lipped, unsmiling, as far removed as might be from the good-natured host he ought to have been if he knew what was good for business. After all, he did not yet know that we were not customers.

Plainly the burden of the discourse was going to be on us, meaning Emily. She asked him if his name was Winterich and he said yes, with the air of its being forced from him under oath. She then explained once more that her man was also called Winterich and that the grandfather of her man had gone to America from Trier. The other Winterich nodded austerely and let his face unfreeze into the suggestion of a formal smile. He said that was interesting, and tossed the ball back to us. I told Emily to tell him he had a nice place here but that I would take the Hotel Porta Nigra any time. I later learned that she softened this in translation to the simple announcement that we were stopping at the Porta Nigra. (That is the worst of employing an interpreter. You are at his, or her, mercy.) The young man nodded and it was our turn again. Emily said we were happy to have met him. He bowed stiffly and I bowed back, trying to make my bow a little stiffer than his. We went out into the sunlight. Not a single *bitte* had changed hands.

Considerably chastened, we returned to the hotel and paid off the driver, whose parting "*Danke schön*" about doubled his conversation for the whole trip. The local Winteriches were a dour lot, we decided. We had a late lunch, or, rather, a high *Kaffeeklatsch*, and so did not get around to wanting dinner until nine that evening.

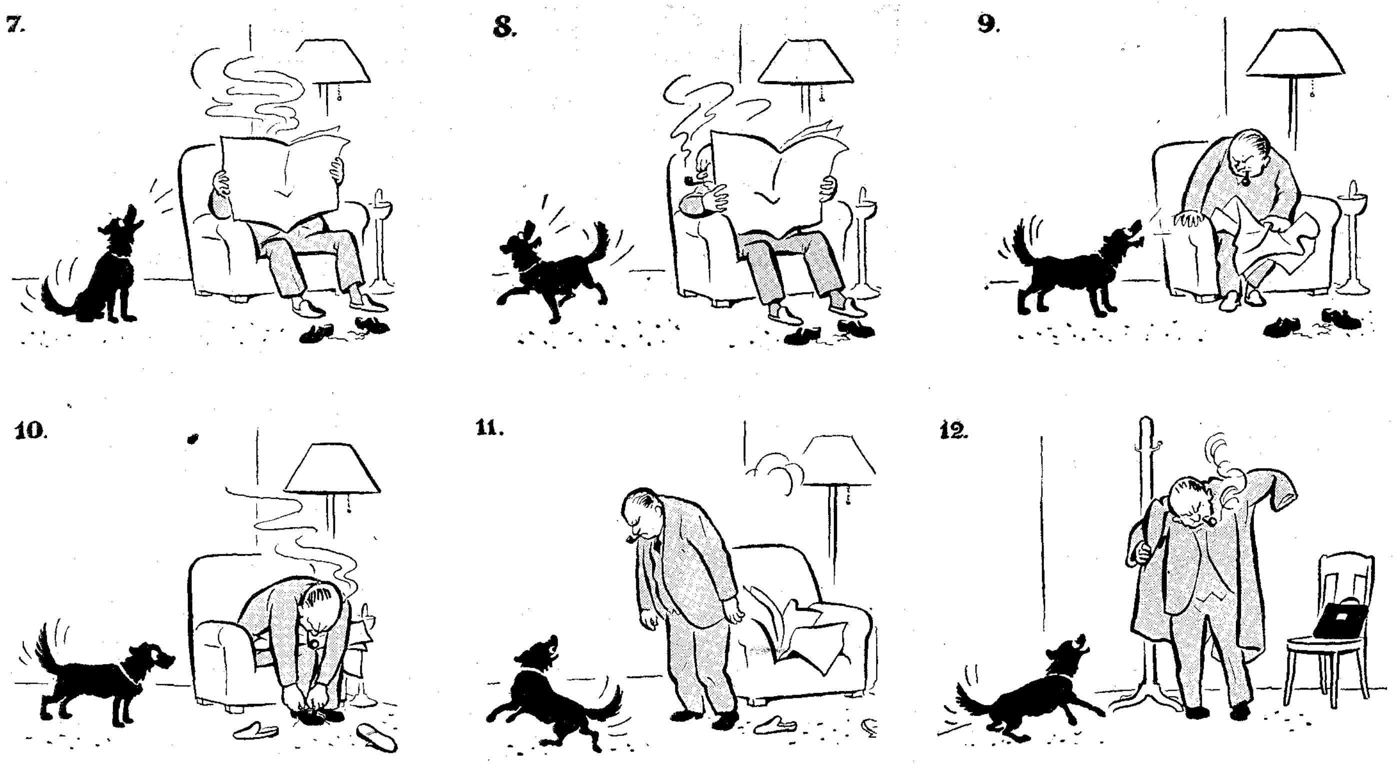
IN the middle of the meal I was startled to hear my name called by the stout, elaborately uniformed commissionaire, who told me I was wanted on the telephone. It was the first time I had ever been called Herr Winterich. Who would be wanting us in Trier? No one knew where we were and we did not know a soul nearer than Paris. If the call were long distance, a certain amount of discussion with a German telephone operator would be in order, so I grasped Emily by the hand and led her to the booth.

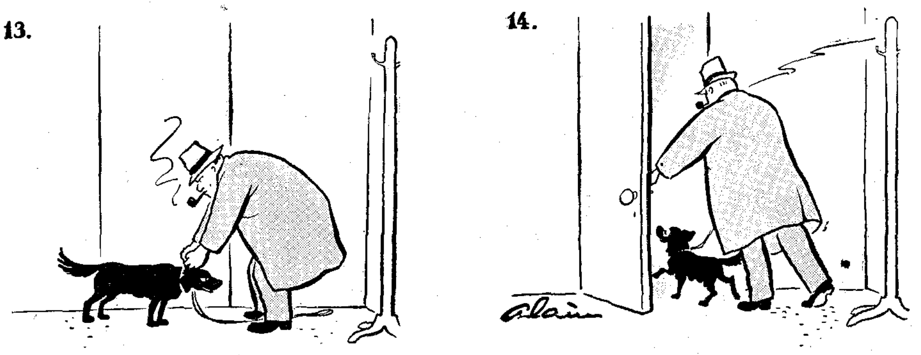
It proved to be the mother of the *Gasthaus* proprietor. Walther, or Hermann, or Kurt, or whatever his name was, had told her about us (I would give a good deal, even at this late day, to know exactly what he had said) and she was most anxious to meet us. We were leaving at eleven next morning for Paris? Could she send for us at nine-thirty?

Send what, we wondered? We found out at nine-thirty the following morning when a Buick roadster stopped at the door of the Porta Nigra. It was driven by a sister of the proprietor of the *Gasthaus* (a sister a year or two younger, I surmised), and her brother was with her. She got out and introduced herself as Frau . . . (I have forgotten what.) Her husband was a wholesale wine dealer. She was friendly and pretty and modishly dressed, and she spoke excellent English. By this time a considerable crowd had gathered to admire the Buick. Our mere association with it made us persons of mark in Trier.

We got in the car, and in the process the most damnable maladjustment of seating arrangements was brought about. Emily and the sister, both of whom, remember, spoke German *and* English, were in the front seat, and the brother and I, who could not talk to each other in anything, had the rumble. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, one could hardly ask a lady to climb into a rumble when a front seat was available, but these were not ordinary circumstances. As a result, throughout our two-mile drive, Emily and the sister were in voluble conversation (in English), while the brother and I, impotent and tongue-tied, studied the scenery. Once I extended my case and said, "Cigarette?" He said no or *nein* or shook his head. That was our whole conversation.

The car drew up in front of an elaborate stone house directly at the right of the *Gasthaus*. We were shown to an upstairs living room, where Frau Winterich and her younger daughter, aged eighteen or thereabouts, greeted us. Introductions were made with as much informality as in Bronxville or Old





Greenwich, and we were soon chatting away as if we were old friends met together after a few months' absence. The big shepherd, now off leash, wagged his tail. Even Walther (or Hermann or Kurt) unbent and grinned once or twice.

Frau Winterich, a widow in her middle fifties, genial and talkative, spoke no English. The younger daughter did, but not so fluently as the older. Thus, of the six in the party, five spoke German, four English, three German and English, two German only, and one English only. In spite of this moderate confusion of tongues, the conversation flowed smoothly, amicably, even gaily. The introduction of the family cognac bottle (reserved, I am sure, for state occasions) did nothing to hinder the process. I am not among those who regard the drinking of cognac at ten in the morning as one of the higher social graces, but exceptions may be made to any rule if conformity to hidebound convention would oppose the general comity.

Of our three-quarter-of-an-hour visit with the *Familie Winterich* I retain, after this interval, only these specific recollections:

(1) It was extremely doubtful that there was any blood tie between the cis- and transatlantic Winteriches close enough to bother about.

(2) During the other war, when the Americans occupied Trier, two lieutenants were billeted in the house. Shown to a bedroom, they engaged in a debate (not knowing that anyone there understood English) as to whether they should sleep with their revolvers under their pillows and finally voted in favor of it.

(3) In Germany, as in France, Buick is a monosyllable. It rhymes with "quick."

Walther, or whoever he was, and the married daughter drove us to the railroad station under the same appalling seating arrangement. This time, however, I ignored Walther and beamed genially at the populace, which was popeyed over the Buick. Our trip to the station was a triumphal one-car procession.

A FEW months later, back in America, we had a letter, in English, from the married daughter. She hoped we had enjoyed our visit to Germany and our stay in Paris. All were well. They would be delighted to hear from us. We answered, also in English, and brought them up to date.

Three or four years afterward—in 1931, I think—another letter came, in German, from Walther. Things were not going so well. Living was expensive. The wine crop had been poor. Many were out of work. Would I care to buy the Gasthaus Winterich for thirty-five thousand reichsmarks?

It seemed cheap, but I said no. That closed the correspondence.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH

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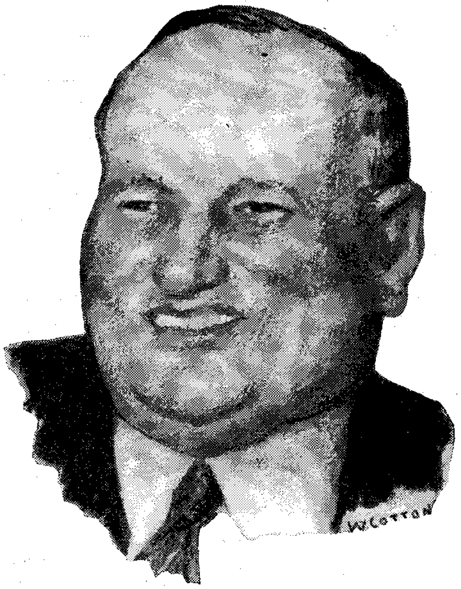
LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(SOUVENIR DIVISION)

[*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times*]

Margaret O'Brien has gone the way of all bobby-soxers and picked Van Johnson as her favorite pin-up boy. Van's so flattered he's given her the aviator's cap he wears in "Week-end at the Waldorf."



PROFILES

THE NATIONAL IDEA MAN—II

THE life of Beardsley Ruml, author of the Ruml Plan and treasurer of Macy's, is a series of Ruml plans. Even in childhood he invented novel formulas for accomplishing his objectives. Today, in his fiftieth year, he is a mass producer of plans for solving postwar problems. A Ruml plan is not necessarily a completely new invention. The idea that the income tax should be on a current, or pay-as-you-go, basis was not original with him. What is now called *the* Ruml Plan was a particular method of introducing the pay-as-you-go system that saved billions of dollars for the taxpayers and benefitted the Treasury at the same time. The most important part of his contribution was practically medical in its nature—curing the arteriosclerosis which afflicted financial thinking in Washington. The more recent Ruml plan, for the postwar abolition of the corporation tax, is not new, and most of the arguments against it are old. Ruml's most important contribution on this subject is his conviction that the word "corporation" has lost its magic as a demagogue's battle cry. Nearly everybody knows today, according to Ruml, that a corporation is simply a way of doing business. The idea that a corporation is necessarily an enemy of the people is, he thinks, as obsolete as the theory that the Devil dresses in red silk and switches a long tail the way a gentleman switches his cane. Once the demagogue's fear has been cleared away, he thinks, it will be easy to convince people that the corporation tax does not punish some evil thing but that it is a special tax on three classes of people—consumers, employees of corporations, and stockholders of corporations.

The typical Ruml plan of today is the thing that crystallizes out after a sort of chemical effervescence which takes place when he brings his scientific and theoretical background to bear on a business problem. An example of this was described by an official of the Muzak Corporation, which recently added Ruml to its board of directors. One of Muzak's activities is furnishing advertising-free music to factories as a morale builder. The corporation, in an effort to sell this service, had combed the lore of the ages to show how music made work a pleasure. It was reported, for example, that the reason the ancient Phoenician oarsmen were so in love with their occupation was that ancient Phoenician musicians always played to them as they rowed. The Musak literature covered the subject from 1000 B.C. to current war-plant experience. Ruml rejected the erudition of thirty centuries. He wanted exact measurements of the effect of music on men at work. At his suggestion, the corporation decided in favor of an investigation of the whole subject by the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, so that music could be sold to factories on a scientific basis rather than on the hearsay of the ages.

Some of Ruml's most striking plans have not won acceptance. One of his big ideas came to him in 1932, after he had been put to bed with mastoid trouble at the home of Frank Sulzberger, a Chicago businessman and a close friend of Ruml's. Calling Sulzberger to his bedside, Ruml outlined a plan for a drive to force the banks to close. This was a year before the actual bank holiday took place. He wanted Sulzberger to organize a group of businessmen and college professors to put ads in the newspapers urging all people to go to the banks and demand gold for their gold certificates. Not having enough gold for the purpose, the banks would be forced to close their doors; that would give them a breathing spell and start the whole economic system on an upward trend. Ruml's host listened patiently and then took the sick man's temperature. It was 103°. "I thought so," said Sulzberger. This was a Ruml plan mixed with a slight touch of delirium. His idea of closing the banks was probably good, but the proposed method could have landed a lot of businessmen and college professors in jail.

In 1933, Ruml had a plan which might have equalled the pay-as-you-go plan in its value to the nation. This was the idea of having foreign nations pay their debts in tin, tungsten, rubber, and other commodities not produced in quantity in this country. This plan was generally met with smiles or exclamations of "Impossible!" In the light of ex-post-facto knowledge, it is clear that the country would have been better off if it had had stockpiles of useful material instead of the hoard of gold at Fort Knox.

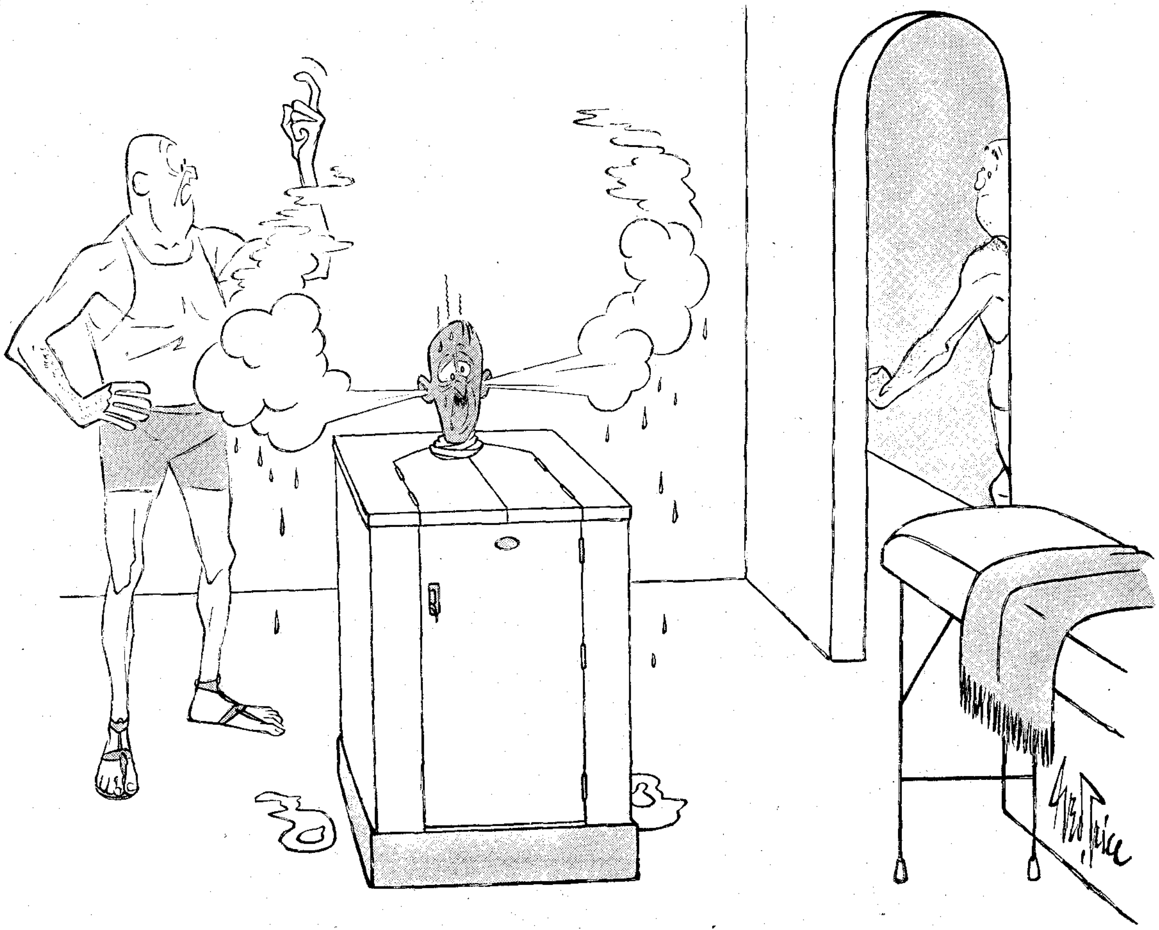
The earliest Ruml plan on record was unearthed by the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, Ruml's home-town newspaper, in 1943, when the local boy suddenly became a national figure. Back in 1901, an aunt was visiting the Ruml home. She borrowed two cents from Beardsley, who was then seven years old, to buy a postage stamp. One day the boy was stunned when his aunt took the train home without settling the debt. He wanted to write a blunt note asking for prompt payment, but his parents said that this was impossible, because it would hurt his aunt's feelings. The boy then wrote his aunt a letter containing news and love but no reference to money matters. However, as if in a pure spirit of decoration, he drew a large figure "2" in each of the four corners of the page. His aunt immediately caught on to the symbolism and paid up. This was a typical Ruml device—a simple formula for accomplishing the supposedly impossible.

When he was eight or nine, he had a Ruml plan of a different character. The automobile tires of the period were pretty vulnerable. The elder Ruml had a puncture nearly every time he drove his car to his garage. He had a cinder driveway, and the cinders contained hundreds of small nails. The elder Ruml offered his three sons a reward of one cent for every nail they picked out of the driveway. Beardsley got a large magnet, dragged it over the cinders, and made money hand over fist.

BEARDSLEY RUML is supposed to have derived his mental agility from his grandfather Jan Ruml, a common laborer in Cedar Rapids. Jan was a Bohemian, or Czech, born in a small town near Prague. He got the idea of emigrating to America while undergoing compulsory military service. An Austrian cavalry officer deserves a share of credit for the Ruml Plan, as he was instrumental in driving the grandfather to America. It was a mania with this officer to have his horse glittering like a sheet of burnished metal, and he kept Jan currying it for hours at a time. Then the officer would take an immaculate white silk handkerchief and rub the animal furiously. If he could get a spot on the handkerchief, he would order Jan to keep on currying an hour or two longer. Because of similar things, tens of thousands of Bohemians had already streamed over to America, many of them settling in Iowa. After finishing his military service, Jan Ruml worked as a shawl weaver in Vienna until he had saved the fare to America and a hundred dollars in gold. He understood that for a hundred dollars one could buy eighty acres of fine farm land in Iowa and get rich. His information was obsolete by many years when he started for America, in 1867. Those dollar-and-a-quarter-an-acre bargains had disappeared from the market a long time before. Jan didn't have a chance to use his capital, anyway. When his train made a stop at Cedar Rapids one night, he got out for a walk, tripped over something, and broke a leg. Nearly all of the hundred dollars was gone when he finally left the hospital in Cedar Rapids. He sawed wood, worked with a pick and shovel, and did other common labor for the rest of his life. Nevertheless, he was the mental giant of the Bohemian colony in and around Cedar Rapids. He was a lightning calculator, and Bohemians came from miles around to get his help in transactions involving mathematics. It never occurred to anybody that a financial wizard ought to be paid for his work. Ruml's expert accounting was always done on the basis of its being between one Bohemian and another. He would have misunderstood and resented an offer of a fee.

Jan had four children, the oldest being Wentzle Ruml, the father of Beardsley. Wentzle Ruml, now seventy-seven, is a leading physician and surgeon in Cedar Rapids. He is probably unique in one respect; he is a doctor who never graduated from grammar school. When he was in the eighth grade, he had double pneumonia and ran up a doctor's bill of four and a half dollars. The Rumls didn't have that kind of money or any way of raising it, so Wentzle took a job in the doctor's office in order to work out the bill. It was intended that he should go back to school when the indebtedness was wiped out, but by that time he was too deeply committed to the medical profession to withdraw. He drove his employer, Dr. Henry Ristine, over an enormous circuit with a two-horse team, delivered medicine, rendered first aid, dressed wounds, and was a handyman at postmortems. He set his first fracture before he was thirteen. Since he spoke Bohemian, he was able to interpret between Dr. Ristine and his Bohemian clientele. All the patients' symptoms and all the doctor's orders were relayed through him. At the end of seven years he was a practicing physician in everything but name. At the age of nineteen he borrowed money and went to study at the medical school at Northwestern, bypassing the ninth grade, high school, and college. Nevertheless, he was the wonder of the medical school there because of his astonishing ability as a manipulator in handling fractures, sprains, and dislocations. At twenty-one, he was a full-fledged M.D., and he soon had a very large practice in Cedar Rapids. Some of his cases of brain surgery became famous throughout the state. One of these was the case of a station agent in a small town where one train arrived every twenty-four hours. Waiting for this train, the station agent went to sleep while sitting on the platform beside the track. He slumbered there, with his head bent so far forward that the top of it projected into the path of the engine. The once-a-day train came along with the inevitability of Greek tragedy and shattered the man's head. Dr. Ruml put it together again, after removing a considerable amount of the brain, and the man was soon as good as ever.

Dr. Ruml's career had a great influence on his son's views on education. Beardsley Ruml opposes the tendency of higher schools to shelter students from practical experience. Among the

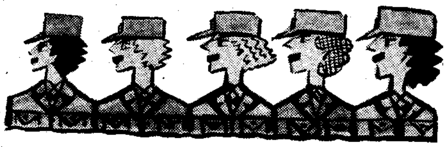


"Say, Jackson, here's something curious."

Ruml plans is a plan for a new type of university, in which the student will be practically unchaperoned and unsupervised. The Ruml university would have no marks or grades, no requirements for attendance at classes, no athletics, no physical education, no vocational training, no time spent in grooming students socially, no effort to provide them with traits which make them recognizably college men and college women. The Ruml university would place emphasis on, in his phrase, "education for intellectual power" and dispense with everything that distracts teachers and students from that aim. Ruml has never urged the general adoption of this plan, but he has recommended the founding of one university to try it out.

SHORTLY after Dr. Wentzle Ruml started in practice, a young nurse named Salome Beardsley came to Cedar Rapids from Chicago to be superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital there. Dr. Ruml married her. They had four children. Beardsley was born on November 5, 1894. When the Ruml family's colored maid was told that he had been named Beardsley, she said, "It's a pretty name, but I don't see how they can remember it." Salome Beardsley came from a New England family of Scottish-English stock, among whose descendants are the Alka-Seltzer and Dr. Miles' Nervine Beardsleys of Elkhart, Indiana. Beardsley Ruml first got his teeth into the red meat of publicity through the patent-medicine branch of the family. Mrs. Ruml sent to her Elkhart relatives a cute snapshot showing Beardsley, then three, with his dog. A steel engraving was made of the picture, and it was printed on the back of Nervine salesmen's business cards, with the legend "My mother uses Nervine."

The Cedar Rapids of half a century ago was not the crude, bison-ravaged community that some Easterners might imagine. It was a city of twenty-five thousand with a cultural aristocracy led by a colony of English and Scottish capitalists who had settled there in the eighties to handle railroad financing. They built Greene's Opera House, which provided all the culture in circulation, from stereopticon lecturers to stars such as Patti, Joe Jefferson, and Richard Mansfield. They toured Europe and came back to Cedar Rapids with reputed Old Masters and genuine Etruscan marbles. Dr. Ruml took a big house and built up a big library. It was the regular thing for Mrs. Ruml to take the children to Chicago every year for a week or two of opera. Beardsley would go back to Cedar Rapids with librettos, scores, phonograph records, player-piano rolls, and operatic conversation. He became a debater, a poet with an exceptionally good technical equipment, and an advanced thinker two jumps ahead of Elbert Hubbard on practically every topic. His physique went to seed as his intellect flourished. Today he carries on a crusade against exercise which some of his acquaintances regard as a cultivated eccentricity. His dislike of exercise goes back at least forty-five years. It is family history that he said, "I never want to walk if I can ride," when he was in kindergarten. By the time he was in high school he had the use of a car because his father thought it hopeless to expect him to get anywhere without transportation.



The family of one of his first girls regarded him as a highly unwelcome caller because of his notorious dislike of physical labor. He didn't even work

REFLECTIONS

You hold the mirror up to Nature,
And what do you get out of that, vain creature?
You have to look sideways, and that's absurd,
And the objects are all reversed or blurred.

But a personal image might be clearer,
So you look at yourself in another mirror.
Your right arm lifts in a kind of pass,
And a southpaw waves at you out of the glass.

And how can you trust what your eyes have seen,
When quarter of eight is four-fifteen?
So maybe the blind are a better guide,
Taking their mirrors in their stride.

Smash your mirrors, and you'll be stuck,
For seven years, with the worst of luck,
But what the warning neglects to state
Is, if you don't smash them, it might be eight.

Mirrors are useful enough, no doubt,
If your tie's not straight, or your shirttail's out,
If the edge of your slip hangs down and shows,
Or you've lipstick smeared all over your nose.

O.K. for the smart and chichi bitches
Who never will learn which aspect which is,
But not too reliable to employ
In a serious quest for the real McCoy.

Get out of the house; pass the mirror by
With a last quick glance from a fond vain eye,
Then, having forgotten the looking glass,
Observe the clouds and the trees and the grass

And the men and the women, going places,
With the sunlight falling across their faces,
Their inner light, and their darker care—
Don't worry: you'll find your image there

As much as you want to, maybe more,
In the real and visible world, before
It's time to quit and call it a day,
And you've not said half what you meant to say.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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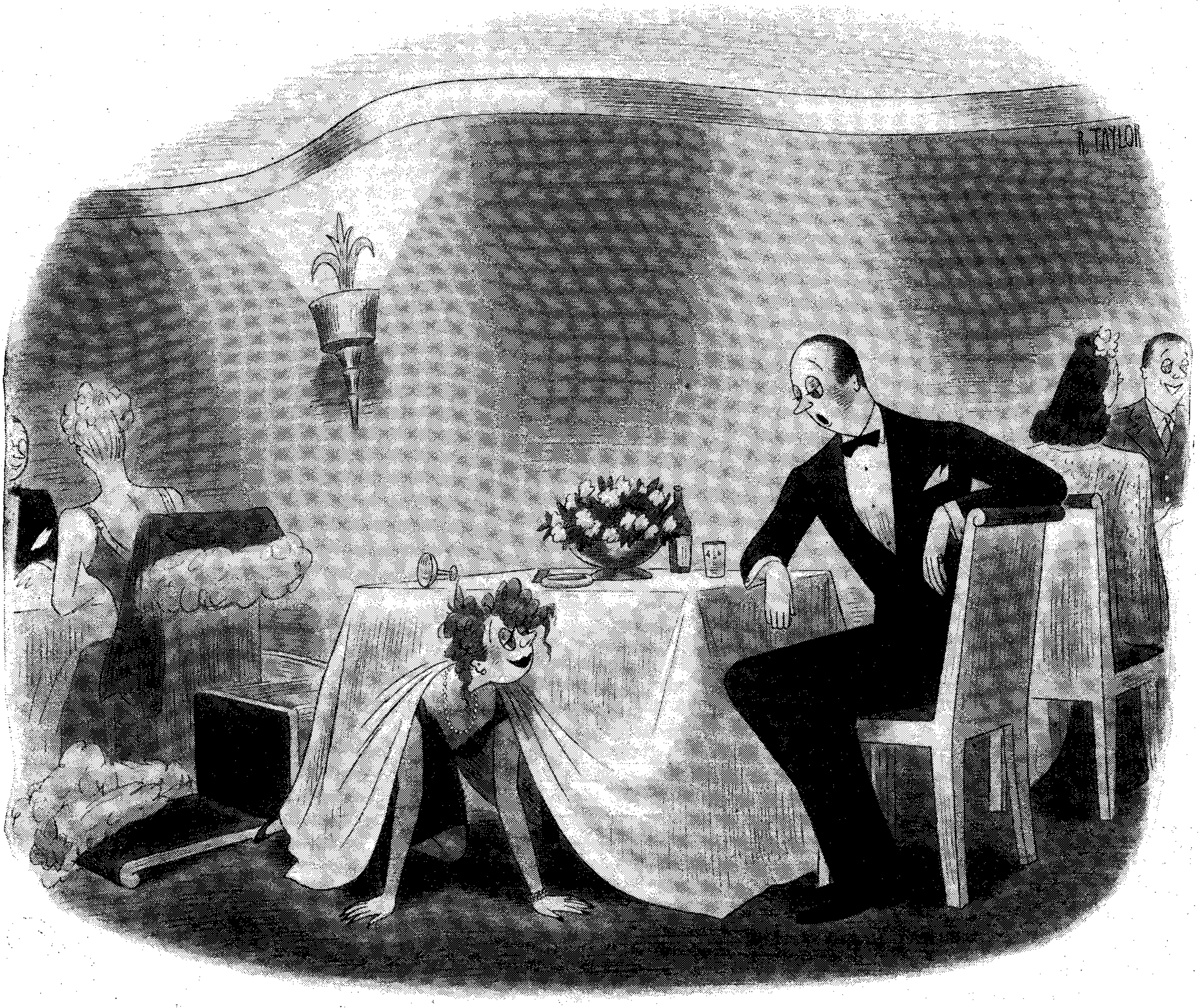


"Darling, am I going to have trouble with you again?"

• •

during school vacations. The general feeling in Cedar Rapids was that the penitentiary and potter's field yawned for any boy who didn't work during vacations. Public sentiment against child loafing was so strong that during one high-school vacation Ruml joined the hodcarriers' and builders' union and started to work for a building-construction firm, but he ceased and desisted forthwith, as the federal judges put it. During another vacation he worked a while at street paving. He was a natural mathematician, and his mind automatically figured out the amount he had carried in the course of a day. He carried the weight of the paving materials easily, but he collapsed under the weight of the statistics, and he never did any physical labor again. Some years after he had left school, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., expressed concern over the fact that Ruml didn't take exercise. Ruml explained that he intended to lead a sedentary life and that the way to train for a sedentary life was by not exercising.

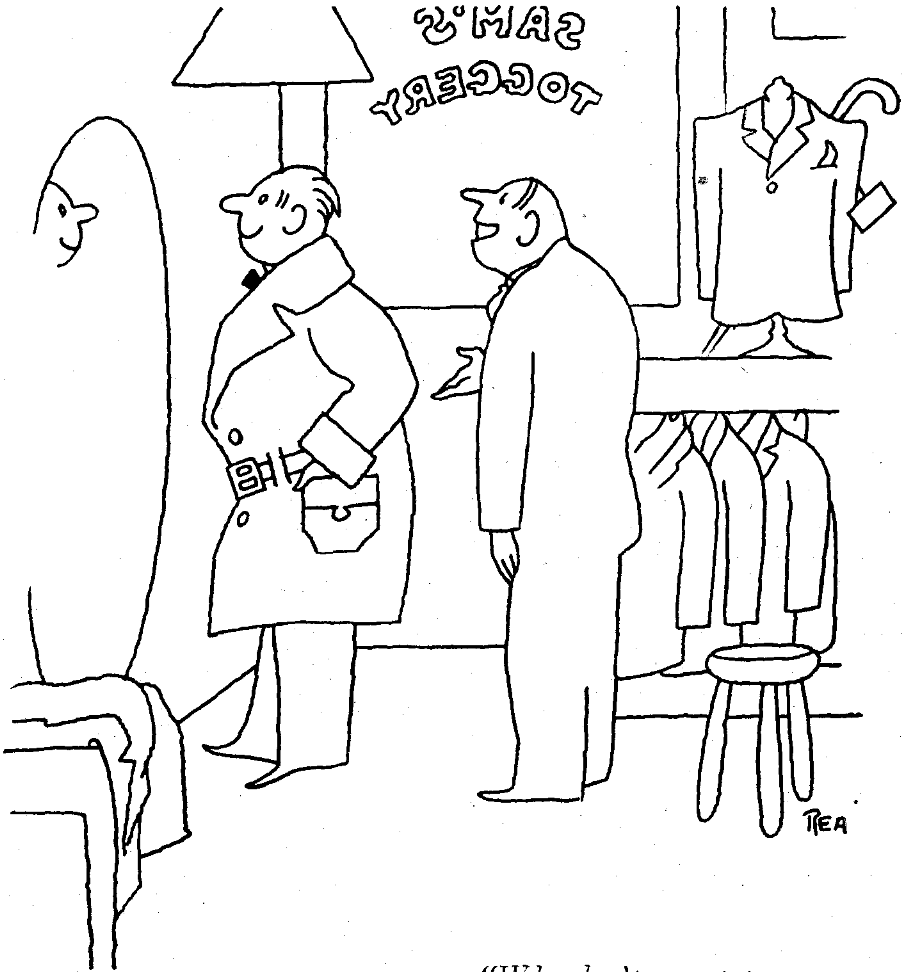
Some of Ruml's Cedar Rapids contemporaries think he was forced to become an intellectual because he failed at everything else. He was too clumsy to make good as a dancing man or an athlete, and he is still remembered for the size of his feet and ears and for his tardy coördination. Culver Military Academy worked over him one summer, but it would have required a taxidermist to give him a smart posture. So there was, as some who knew him then think, nothing left for him to do except become a mental giant. He made an impressive scholastic record at high school with very little effort and graduated in three years. Miss Schermund, the assistant principal, recalls that he invented an improved method of correcting examination papers which cut the work of some teachers in half, and that once, when she was threatened with a nervous breakdown, he suggested that he could make things easier for her by teaching a second-year German class in which he was a pupil. This was agreeable to her, and for two or three months he taught his fellow-students. Both at high school and when he was an undergraduate at Dartmouth, he acted as a volunteer coach to many other students, considerably reducing the abhorrence usually aroused by excessively bright boys.

Ruml later explained that he hadn't intended to graduate from high school in three years but merely planned to finish his work in three and devote the fourth to loafing. He was always perfectly docile toward authority, but he was constantly longing to be free from it. He was crazy about automobiles and dreamed of a whole year of long trips, together with freedom from tasks, orders, and suggestions. This beautiful mirage was abolished by the school authorities, who graduated him at the end of his third year. The mirage kept returning for years, and the craving to loaf became a spur to industry. He got the habit of attacking all his work with a certain wild energy in the hope of getting so far ahead that he could have his year in the Elysian fields. This has been going on now for thirty-three years, during which he has had no long vacation and hardly any short ones. Chasing the mirage, however, made him a furious despatcher of business. A considerable mythology has grown up around Ruml at Macy's. One frequently repeated legend is that he occasionally does a day's work in ten minutes. It is said that sometimes, offhandedly bringing his imagination and intuition to bear, he can find the answer to a problem which would require a day's grubbing in statistics and logic on the part of an ordinary man.

Ruml entered Dartmouth in 1911, when he was not quite seventeen. On his way there he stopped over in New York for his first look at Broadway, where he smoked one cigar after another to show that he was not impressed. His first year at college was one of all-around lack of distinction, and it made him so desperate for attention that he went in for football. He thought up a typical Ruml plan for getting intensive training. All the other candidates turned out in sweaters of green, the Dartmouth color; Ruml made his appearance in a red one. He reasoned that he would be the most conspicuous man on the field and that the coach, who called everybody "Hey, you," would find it a simple matter to shout "Hey, you in the red sweater!" when he wanted a man for a particular spot. The plan was good, but Ruml didn't measure up to it. He weighed a hundred and ninety, but his center of gravity was as unstable as a Mexican jumping bean's. The coach was soon shouting, "Hey, you in the red sweater, get off the field!"

A man of letters was generated from the debris of the athlete. Ruml became a pamphleteer, sonneteer, and playwright. His writing career at Dartmouth was entangled with that of Walter Wanger, now a Hollywood producer and the second highest paid man in America, according to the last income-tax list. Wanger arrived at Dartmouth with a set of autographed photographs of Gaby Deslys, the gorgeous French girl, then starring at the Winter Garden. One of the college publications printed all his pictures in a special Gaby Deslys edition and elected Wanger an associate editor—an unprecedented honor for a freshman. Gaby sold autographed photographs; she also charged a fixed fee for taking her to lunch, a higher fee for taking her to dinner. But her price structure was not known at Dartmouth, and Wanger was looked on as the king of stage-door Romeos. The college dramatic society was turned over to him as a matter of right, and he made Ruml one of his assistants. Ruml worked with him in writing and staging "Ta Ta Tango," which was ahead of its time in scattering the action throughout the audience. The leading lady, trapped in a Moorish harem, leaped over a wall on the stage and made a break for liberty by running up the center aisle while the Persian guards came out, shooting blank cartridges at her, from both wings. After a preview for the faculty, several professors complained of eye wounds from the wadding. At the next show, the Persian guards fired from the back of the house, causing only minor head and neck injuries and leaving the audience hopelessly confused as to what was going on.

Ruml's chief dramatic effort at Dartmouth was never acted or printed and could be filmed only over Will Hays' dead body. The plot was concerned with the efforts of a thirty-five-year-old bachelor to collect a million dollars left him conditionally by an uncle. The will, which had been drawn when the nephew was in his twenties, provided that he should receive the million only if he had six children by the time he was thirty-six. Regarding the nephew as a wild youth, the uncle didn't want him to have the million unless he settled down. He put the condition into the will, feeling that a family of six children was a sure sign that a man had settled down. Where the uncle made his mistake, however, was in failing to stipulate that the nephew should be married to somebody. The heir took an unscrupulous advantage of the technical flaw in his uncle's last will and testament and set out to provide himself with the required family in a year's time. The dramatic action was a kind of surrealist



"Why don't you step outside, sir, and try it on a passing dame?"

EVER HEAR TOM BRENEMAN?

If you have, you know why "Breakfast in Hollywood" is the Leading Daytime Radio Program

Out in Hollywood at 8 o'clock in the morning they open up a restaurant called Sardi's and a lot of people from all over the country—mostly women—file in and settle down for the time of their lives.

In comes a very popular guy called Tom Breneman—and things start to happen. "Good morning, ladies," he says. "Good morning, Tom!" thunders back a chorus of expectant voices. Then bedlam breaks loose. You'd be surprised how much fun a roomful of women can have, and how much of that fun manages to get over the air waves to the women of a nation—to one of the biggest audiences that any daytime radio show can boast! And when polls are made, and awards are given for daytime shows, *Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood is invariably on top.* It's the No. 1 program time after time!

But that's only one of the *great* morning shows you hear on The Blue Network. We have a whole string of them. They've made the Blue the most-listened-to morning network from coast to coast. There is drama in "My True Story"; music with "Aunt Jemima"; fascination at "The Listening Post"; news with Gil Martyn; and more and more fun at "Glamour Manor," "The Breakfast Club," and several others—they're listed below. Day after day these things come to you. Just a quick twist of the dial and there they are—a *wonderful* way to start a day!

Tomorrow why don't you say "Good morning, Tom!"

Add up the weekly average audiences of these morning shows and you get more than 131,000,000 people!

BREAKFAST CLUB

MY TRUE STORY

AUNT JEMIMA

GLAMOUR MANOR

TOM BRENEMAN'S BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD
(formerly Breakfast at Sardi's)

GIL MARTYN NEWS

THE LISTENING POST

Saturday Mornings Only
YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL

WHAT'S COOKIN'?

LOIS LONG AND THE THREE SUNS

Monday Mornings Only
ONE WOMAN'S OPINION

TUNE IN THE BLUE NETWORK EVERY MORNING

THIS IS THE Blue NETWORK

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

LISTEN: FEBRUARY 17, 1945

Samuel Hopkins Adams offers fresh testimony to radio's uncommon capacity for making friends. In the current *Harper's* he recalls warmly the extraordinary affection the late Alexander Woollcott stirred in his listeners as CBS' *Town Crier:*

"The Crier became a stylist, perhaps the first stylist of the art of radio locution. His quietly introductory 'This is Woollcott speaking' was an exudation of friendliness. He produced the effect of laying his hand on your shoulder and addressing you like an old and confidential comrade. His fan mail was vast, intimate, often emotional. When he appealed for charity, 'you can make a dollar twitch in my pocket' Otto H. Kahn once told him. No broadcaster excelled him in naturalness, aplomb and apparent ease, though his blood pressure habitually mounted twenty points while he was broadcasting.

"His pulling power was beyond question. When he sent out an appeal for cast-off spectacle rims, thirty-seven hundred crowded the mails. In the course of a broadcast he described a book of Gibson drawings that lay on the embroidery covered table beneath the lamp in the cottage in which he was brought up, and said that though he had advertised widely for a copy, he had never been able to get one. That night when he got home one of the desired volumes was awaiting him; the morning mail brought promises of seven others."

Mr. Woollcott must have found deep comfort in watching his favorite medium, radio, make millions of dollars twitch and escape from the pockets of the American people for war bonds.

★

In New York alone 1,211,818 people turned in tickets admitting them freely to CBS broadcasts during 1944. CBS' 4 theatres and 22 broadcasting studios played host to this record attendance, regretfully turned away thousands more through lack of accommodations.

★

Now it looks as if someday a suburban housewife may be able to tune in her husband, snowbound on the way home, and learn that he'll be late for dinner. The FCC recently earmarked a section of the radio spectrum for the use of the Citizens Radiocommunication Service. In its report, it said:

"The success of the 'walkie-talkie' on the battle front and the possibilities for its varied uses in peacetime have induced the Commission to allocate the band from 460 mc to 470 mc for a new radio service to be known as the 'Citizens Radiocommunications Service.'

"Small portable radios can be used, for example, to establish a physicians' calling service, for communications to and from trucks and tractors operating in and around large plants, on farms and ranches, on board harbor and river craft, in mountain and swamp areas. Sportsmen and explorers can use them to maintain direct contact with camps. Department stores, dairies, laundries and other business organizations can use the service to communicate with their delivery vehicles.

"...The possible uses of this service are as broad as the imagination of the public and the ingenuity of equipment manufacturers."

★

The way CBS people (or their relatives) get around is a caution. You may recall reading here how a Lt. Farrell blundered into an army radio station in the Philippine jungle Christmas Day and heard someone announce that his sister, Eileen Farrell, the CBS soprano, was going on the air. Now word comes that the announcer was Sgt. Eugene C. Henry, brother-in-law to Larry Lesueur, CBS correspondent on the western front.

★

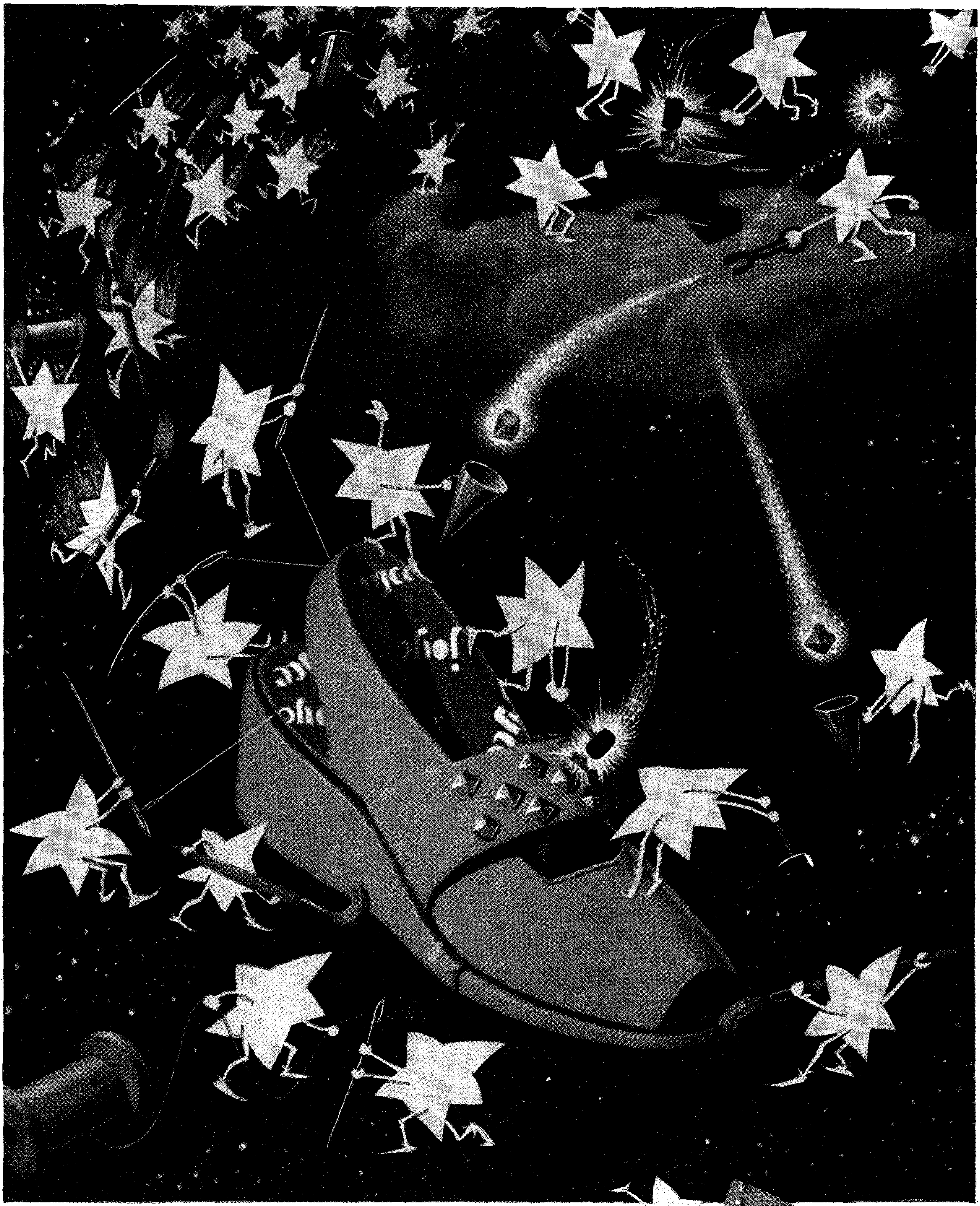
This is

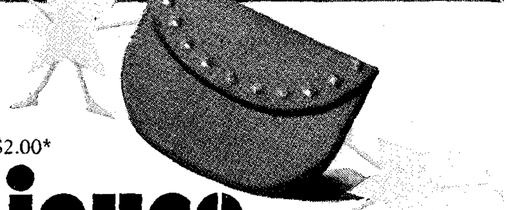
CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

mon man. This project is deplored by his fiancée, herself a columnist, though unfortunately too intellectual to have very many readers, and by the manager of the syndicate, both of whom feel it would be safer to stick to the dogs. On the other hand, Michael has the passionate support of his younger brother, who is in the Army, of a beautiful young woman who wanders onto the stage more or less by accident, and of an eccentric old professor who builds Rube Goldberg contraptions called "dramagrams" in the basement. The idea is that these devices will clear up the problems of the day for television audiences, but I don't believe it. The housekeeper is neutral; she is just depressed by the fact that it is very hard for a woman to tell when a writer is thinking and when he is just sitting there looking out the window.

Some of this, as noted, is very satisfactory as humor. When, however, the author gets to thinking, and especially when he offers interminable samples from his hero's column (which, in my opinion, were awful, even by the standards of syndicated thought in America), the whole piece just quietly drops dead on the stage. I have felt for a good many years that the life of a writer is never quite as picturesque as other writers seem to imagine it is, but this may be a special reaction. I am quite sure, though, that Mr. McCleery's hero is not only one of the worst in the business but also a considerable bore socially. It is all too bad, because Franchot Tone is an unusually competent performer, and Jane Wyatt an extremely decorative one, and it is painful to see them presented as the kind of people you'd certainly go out of your way to avoid at a cocktail party. Doro Merande, Leo Bulgakov, Jack Hartley, and Joan Wetmore, not being obliged to carry the heavy burden of pseudo-serious thought shouldered by the stars, have an easier time of it, and make the most of their comic opportunities. Miss Merande, incidentally, had my favorite line in the play. She said writers made





Starbright... heavenly unrationed casual in black, white, grey, geranium, navy and java suiting fabric...about $6.95. Starbright handi-joyce about $2.00*

No mail orders, please...write us, we'll tell you where.

**plus 20% federal tax*

joyce
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

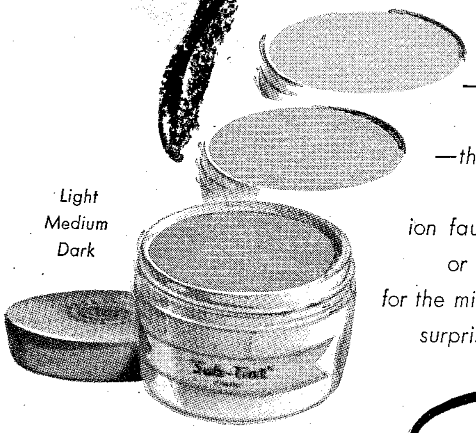
IF IT DOESN'T SAY "JOYCE", IT ISN'T A JOYCE.

MODERN!

"Sub-Tint"

Cream-Powder Make-up

WHAT IS SO MODERN AND NEW ABOUT IT?



First, the dramatic difference it makes in your complexion —without a hint of that unnatural, mask-like appearance. Second, the smooth, clear, flawless look it gives your skin —the way it keeps your make-up perfect all day long. "Sub-Tint" goes on lightly and evenly, hiding tiny complexion faults. It is creamy, not greasy—and it does not pull or dry your skin. Once tried, you'll never be without it, for the miracle of "Sub-Tint" Cream-Powder Make-up will surprise even you with your own loveliness.

Coty

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY, 7 Ave. & 59 St.
Mats. Thurs. (Wash. Bthdy.) & Sat.

BOBBY CLARK IN
Mexican Hayride
By HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
COLE PORTER SONGS
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44th St. W. of Broadway
Mats. Thurs. (Washington's Birthday) & Sat. 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Holiday Matinee Feb. 22

FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
with MARGO
CORT, W. 48. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Thurs.

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

"Remarkably entertaining, profoundly touching." —WALDORF, N. Y. Post
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Sat. & Thurs. 2:40

mixture of "Brewster's Millions" and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." On the day before his thirty-sixth birthday, the nephew was two heirs shy of meeting the terms of the will, but the situation was saved by the arrival of twins, like the arrival of the United States Cavalry in the old melodramas, and the unmarried Brigham Young got the million. The play was hailed as a robust bit of modernism all over the New England undergraduate circuit, where it was handed around in manuscript. Ruml sent it to H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, who then ran the *Smart Set*, but they returned it without even a rejection slip. Ruml's feelings were hurt at first, but he developed the theory that he had given Mencken and Nathan an intelligence test and that they had failed to measure up. Ruml was majoring in psychology and he won his doctor's degree by research in intelligence measuring.

Ruml was an ideal college poet in one respect. He was always ready to write a poem of the exact length required to fill a blank space between articles in the college literary magazine, *Bema*. He was a good verse mechanic either in the Wordsworth or the Swinburne-Tennyson manner. Among his lines were "The plaintive voice of a neglected power," "The sterile sea lies sobbing," and "In colors faint, uncertain as a dream." His poetry appeared under his own name, but his prose usually appeared under the name of prominent campus figures. This was because he wanted the prose, which dealt with burning campus issues, to be read. Even in his college days, Ruml had no appetite for glory. Until he was forty-seven, he always worked behind the scenes and encouraged others to become the public sponsors of his plans and projects. Today, however, the pay-as-you-go plan has made "Ruml" famous, and he can now operate under his own name more efficiently than he can under anybody else's.

Ruml sometimes wrote epigrams when he had very small blank spaces to fill in *Bema*. One of these was "Few of us know how much time we waste attending to our own business." This sounds like a dashing undergraduate paradox, but it has always been Ruml's philosophy. A large part of his thinking has been directed toward questions not connected with his occupation. When he advocated his pay-as-you-go plan, some congressmen were unable to grasp the idea of a man's trying to solve a problem without being paid for it. Their big question was "Who's behind

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Staged by Elia Kazan
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Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

A New Musical
SING OUT, SWEET LAND!
by Walter Kerr
ALFRED DRAKE
BURL IVES • Bibi Osterwald • Alma Kaye
International Thea. Columbus Circle at 59th
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S 2 Comedy Hits
"SNAFU"
By LOUIS SOLOMON & HAROLD BUCHMAN
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR
Kiss and Tell
By F. HUGH HERBERT
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VERA ZORINA
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THE TEMPEST
with ARNOLD MOSS
ALVIN Theatre W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Sat. & Feb. 22

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Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Sat., Wed. & Thurs.

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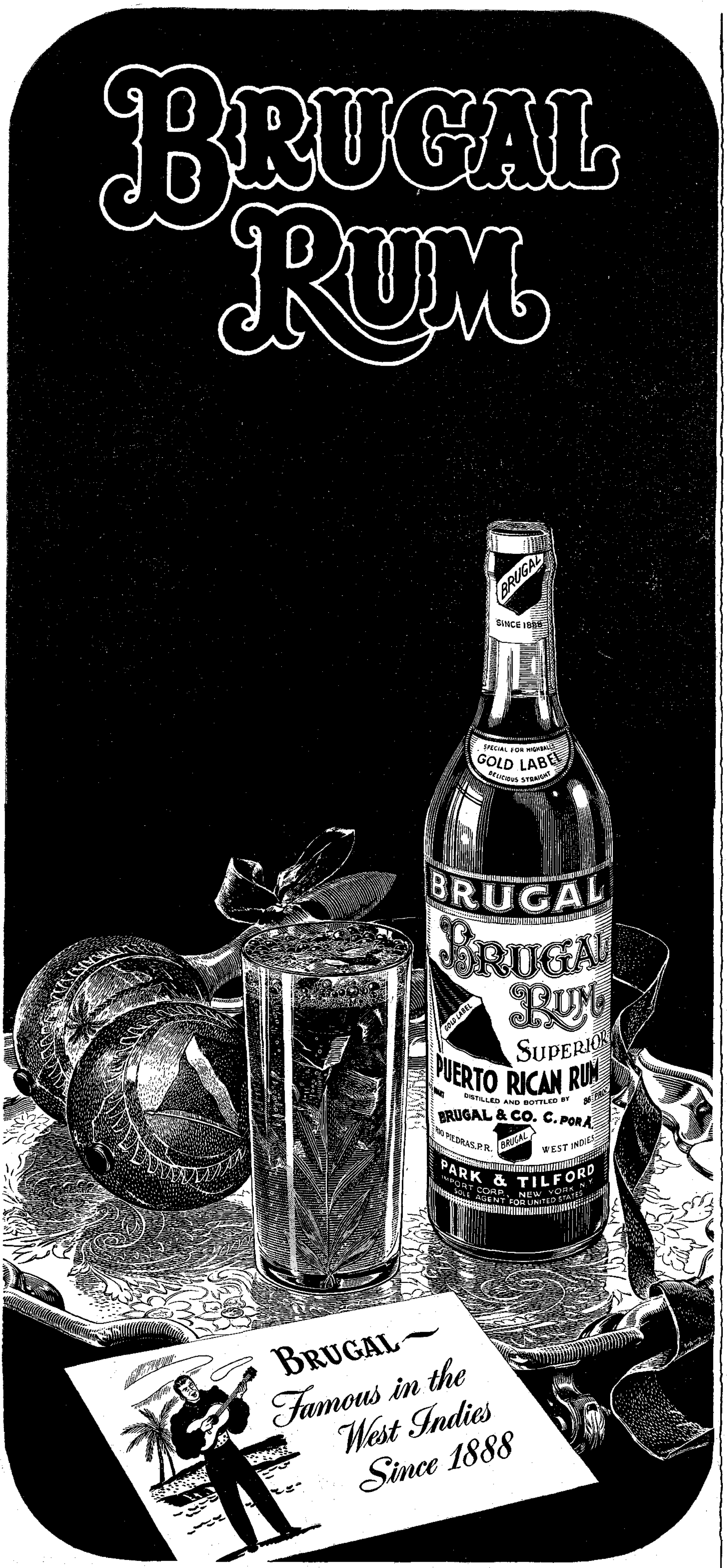
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Washington's Birthday & Sat. 2:40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him?" They couldn't locate any big interest lurking in the background and had to be content with calling him "the high priest of Macy's." This was harmless invective, since the public could not be induced to regard retail tradespeople as octopuses or corporate pirates. Ruml finally had to be accepted for what he is, a freelance in the world of ideas. Asking "Who's behind Ruml?" is like asking who was behind Don Quixote or Mr. Pickwick.

During college vacations, Ruml became acquainted with Shanley's, Jack's, Churchill's, the uptown and downtown Bustanoby's, and other New York night spots, and always took back to Dartmouth a stock of new opera records for phonograph musicales. He played a good deal of bridge. He was fairly popular, but some of his classmates felt that it was unfair that he should take apparently unlimited time for hobbies and avocations and get high marks, too. Ruml continued to chase the old mirage of leisure, loading himself up with extra subjects, with the aim of having months of uninterrupted indolence at the end of his college career. The authorities foiled him by graduating him summarily in the middle of his senior year, cheating him out of a whole semester of loafing and lounging. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the second of three articles on Mr. Ruml.*)

•

SCENE OF REAR PORCH INAUGURAL—President Franklin D. Roosevelt takes his fourth term bath on the rear porch of the White House as diplomats, members of Congress and distinguished guests look on. —*Picture caption in the Charleston* (*S.C.*) *News & Courier.*

And on Saturday, too!

•

Do you feel, as some of us do who are inarticulate, though not exactly unthinking, that the time is soon coming when the reading public will exact more from our writers in *character*, as well as in intellectual equipment, accuracy in factual knowledge, talent, and the rest?

—*From a letter in Tomorrow.*

Frankly, no.

•

HWS THT AGN? DPT

[*Adv. in the New Statesman & Nation*]

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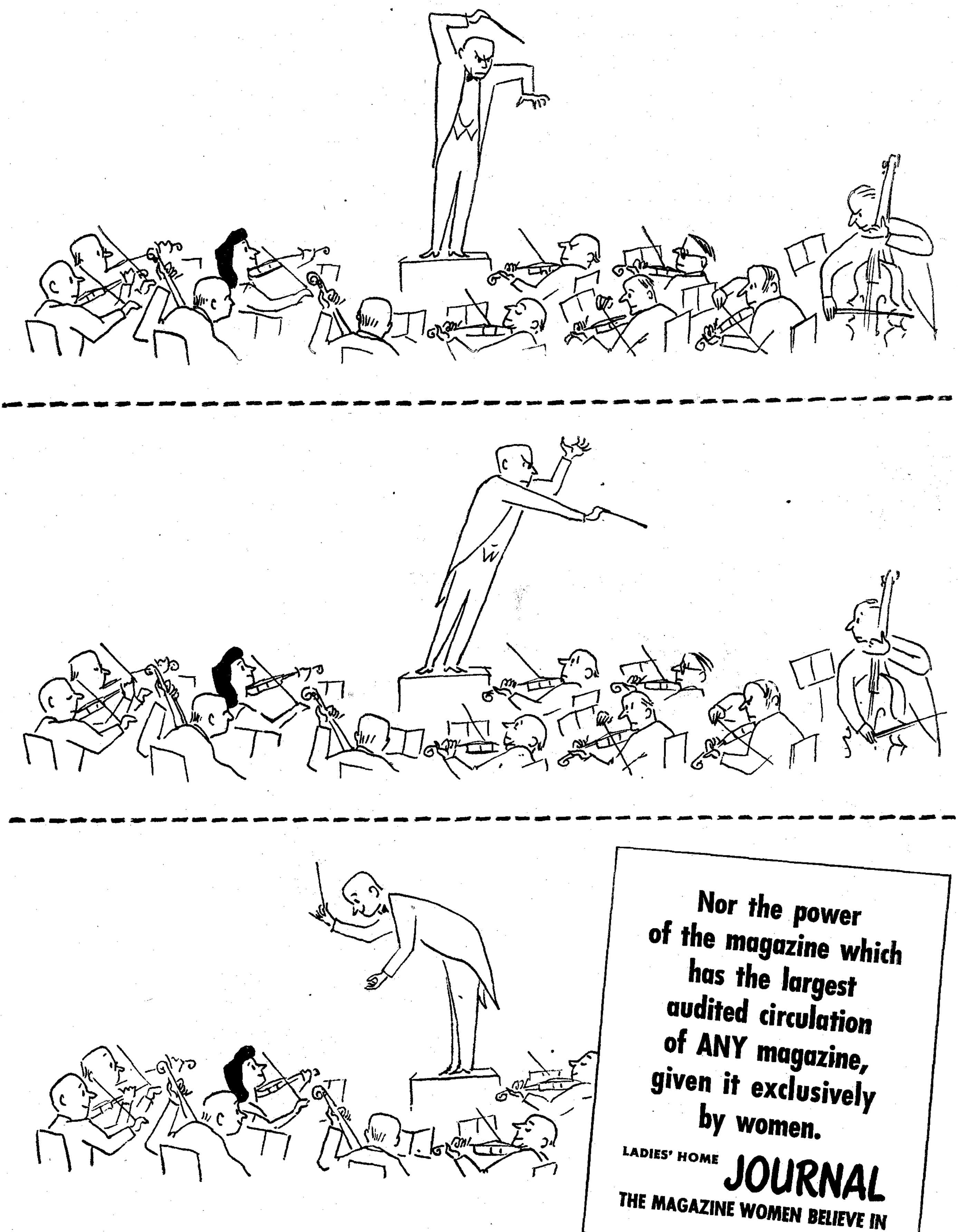

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

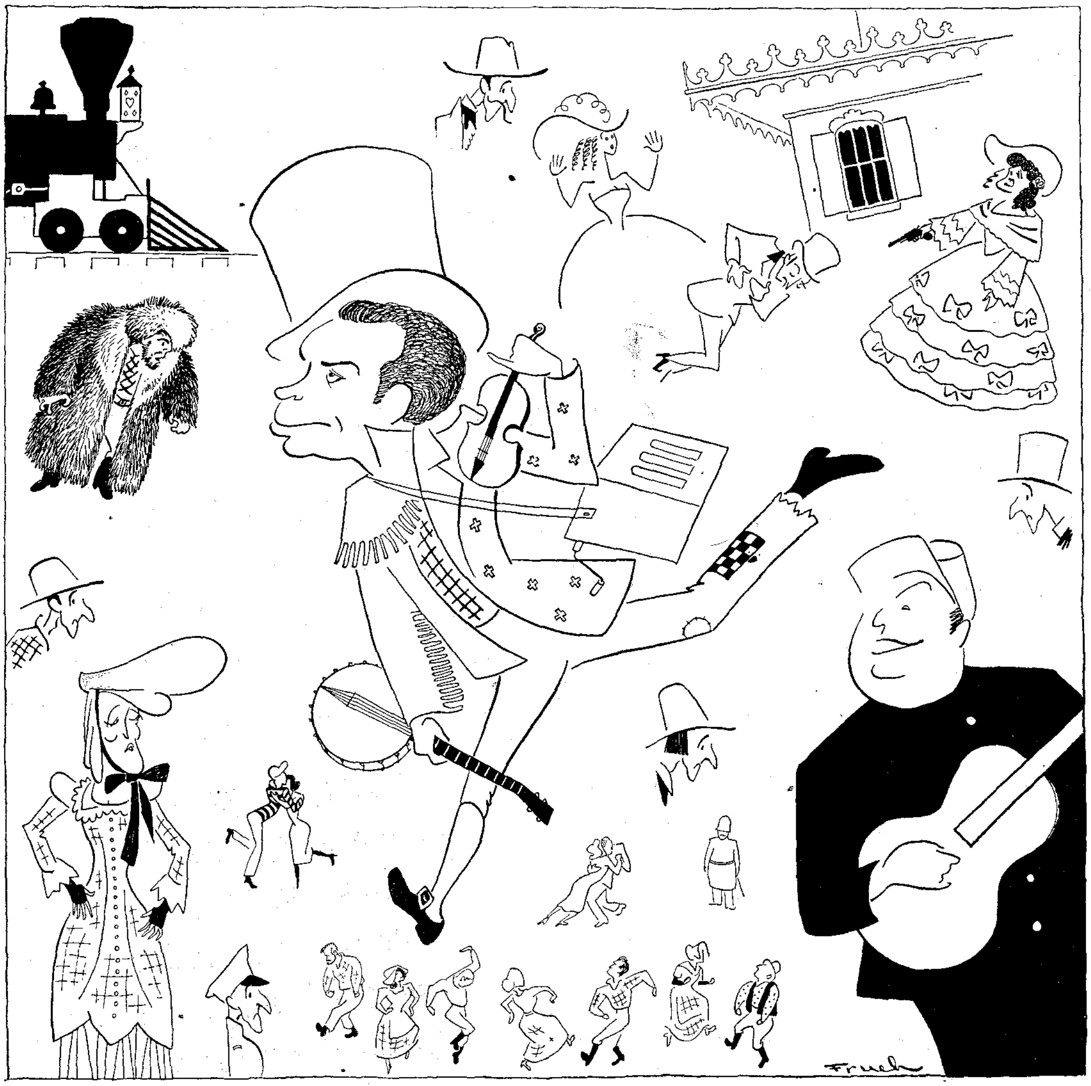
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

THE THEATRE

ALL KINDS OF LOVE

WHEN the late F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote his novel called "Tender Is the Night," he was dealing with somewhat the same theme as that now under discussion in "One-Man Show," at the Barrymore. Both Mr. Fitzgerald and the present authors, Ruth Goodman and Augustus Goetz, were concerned with the story of a pathological father-and-daughter relationship and the effect on it of the introduction of a normal love. The principal difference between these two works is that Mr. Fitzgerald seemed to feel that this situation could result only in three lifetimes haunted by shame, insanity, and waste, while Miss Goodman and Mr. Goetz clearly think that such a trio can face the same appalling fact and tidy everything up in a week, with no future repercussions indicated. It is true that the incest in the novel was actual and that in the play apparently only a morbid state of mind, but it still seems unlikely that a strong, unnatural attachment that has persisted for something like fifteen years would leave no emotion behind it, beyond a certain air of strained geniality.

In addition to its rather elementary handling of a difficult idea, "One-Man Show" is probably a valuable lesson in how not to construct a play. The first act is quite promising, dealing effectively with the peculiar ethics and behavior of people who run art galleries and suggesting that the underlying motif will be treated with equal discretion; the second starts out on the same key, but rises in the end to a shrill, Freudian scream when the heroine, whose name is Racine (a tribute to the French dramatist rather than to the second city of Wisconsin), begs the hero, a virile character from the State Department, to save her from herself; the third is almost purely the bunk, involving a psychological surprise guaranteed to double the boys from Vienna right up in the aisles. Jed Harris, the director and producer, once offered the public a somewhat similar exercise in sexual variation called "The Green Bay Tree." With very minor reservations, I thought it was fine; this one, I'm afraid, is just rather innocent and absurd. Frank Conroy, Constance Cummings, and John Archer play the principal rôles with a conviction that I couldn't help admiring.



"SING OUT, SWEET LAND!"

Alfred Drake, representing the Spirit of America as expressed in song, occupies the center of this picture. The jovial type in the lower right-hand corner is Burl Ives; the ladies in the other corners are Alma Kaye (with the gun) and Bibi Osterwald; the gent in the fur coat is James Westerfield; and most of those little men with long noses are Philip Coolidge. This Theatre Guild production is at the International.

THERE is so much amusing stuff in "Hope for the Best," at the Fulton, that it seems a pity William McCleery, the author, had nothing much to say when the chips were really down. It appears that Michael Jordan, a popular columnist with no less than eleven million readers, has higher aspirations. He has been writing homely little pieces about dogs and such; now he intends to take up political theory, explaining it in the language of the comened with braining, one man stole home, and the game went into extra innings. I was watching from a jeep whose top had been raised. My sleeves were rolled up, and every now and then I would forget and rest my forearm on some metal part; by the end of the game it was a mass of nasty welts. But the men on the field didn't even know it was hot. Then I remember a Red Cross girl's telling about the afternoon she and several colleagues landed in Basra, which is in Iraq but nevertheless part of the P.G.C. It was 135 in the shade, but at the news that genuine American girls had arrived everybody abandoned his siesta. Nobody had jitterbugged with a white woman for a long time, and since one of the Red Cross's functions is to improve morale, there was jitterbugging until the girls begged for mercy.

THE Persian Gulf Command's first sizable detachment—nine thousand officers and men—landed at Khorramshahr on December 11, 1942, after a look at Rio from the roadstead and a brief stopover at Bombay. The congestion on the Army transport which carried all these early settlers was like that on the tubs their ancestors reached America in. Had heraldic devices representing the spirit of the voyage been contrived, a bare foot couchant on a soldier's face would have got the most votes. Until the transport reached Bombay, few on board her knew their destination or mission, but there the word got around. The news that the outfit was going to run American supplies to the Red Army produced great cheer. The invasion of North Africa had begun while the boys were still at sea, and they were disappointed that they hadn't been in on it. However, ahead of them now was an even bigger show, with the Russians engaging the main body of the German Army and seemingly in their worst trouble at a place called Stalingrad. The men and their officers were, in the main, engineering, railroading, trucking, stevedoring, or communications professionals. They knew how mightily the Russians were helping us and they were eager to help them all they could in return. They also looked forward to showing them some stuff. "Just leave us know where you want it, Stalin" was the spirit.

A bonus was added to this cheering news when it was discovered on the way up the Gulf that Iran is merely an alias for Persia. Probably everybody, except the chaplains, perhaps, retained in his memory a Persian sequence in

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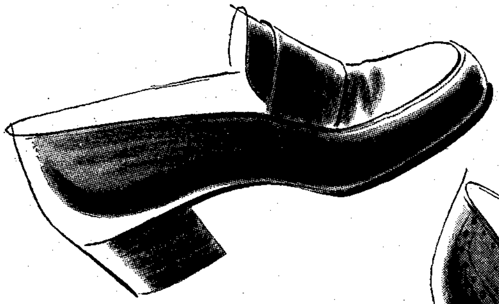
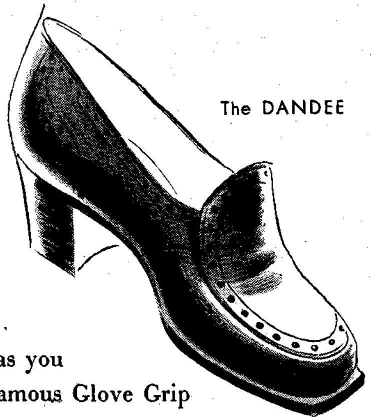
IN STYLE



The BEAGLER



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some motion picture, and in a pleasant, Technicolor way the sequence was provoking to the imagination. I once asked a representative P.G.C. corporal for his own pre-debarkation concept. "The way I seen Persia," he said, "was a swell big marble layout in the moonlight with a built-in pool. Birds was singing, but not too loud, and everything smelt wonderful. Some guys with turbans was taking it easy on cushions. They had whiskers and they was having a smoke out of one of them jars with the hose on them and they was smothered in wonderful-looking broads, all of them wearing them long peekaboo pants. Setting on the floor was a three-piece orchestra playing midway music. Standing out front was the best-looking broad of them all doing bumps and boy, was she built! Did she have hermanns! Up here you'd think she was gonna explode! Yes, sir, that was Persia."

Khorramshahr, one of the Command's three ports, squats an inch or two above sea level on the Shatt-al-Arab River, the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Persians are a race of poets, and the marriage of the words *khorram* and *shahr* to describe that gruesome village is a typical piece of Persian poetic license. When one G.I., reading the Command's newspaper, *Army Dispatch*, learned the meaning of the words, he looked up and yelled, "Combshire means City of Delight, for Christ sake!" He felt betrayed. In fact, all the early settlers felt betrayed by Hollywood as they glided toward shore and, in full field equipment, lined the rails to behold dejected palm trees, a few worn mud buildings, aged water buffaloes naïvely trying to nuzzle out a little grass to eat, and a cluster of sickly natives, including several girls with rings in their noses who would never get a screen test. The sun shone with an idiot brightness, but it was raining. In southern Iran, the men were to learn, the rains of the fall and winter are nearly as dreadful as the sun in summer. There was silence as everybody stared at the City of Delight. Then a colored soldier won immortality in the Persian Gulf Command by throwing back his head and crying, in a long, high wail, "Iran! Land of romance!"

To the uproarious joy of the natives, the expedition traversed the several miles from the river to the staging area in a series of falls that were as spectacular as those it took the Keystone Cops years to perfect. This was a new kind of mud, slick as a hockey rink, and it kept jerking itself out from under you no matter who you were. "Hut, two, three, four, pick it up there!" some officer would bark, and then down he'd go. By the time the staging area was reached, everybody was waddling on splayed hunks of clay where once his shoes had been, and it was bitterly remembered how some Napoleon at the port of embarkation back in the States had ordered all galoshes left behind, because there would never be any use for them Where You're Going. Each time you fell, you blessed his name.

The purpose of a staging area is to provide temporary quarters for troops bound elsewhere, but the P.G.C. troops could not proceed elsewhere because the rain had washed out all the bridges and roads. There they had to wallow, marooned in mud and in the steady downpour, for what began to seem like the duration of the war plus six months. When the great von Clausewitz wrote that "Everything is very simple in war," it must have been hastily that he added, "but the simplest thing is difficult." To begin with, the expedition had arrived sooner and in much greater force than had been expected by the small American advance party whose job it had been to set the staging area up. Assisted by a few work details quickly borrowed from the British already there, they had pitched some tents, but most of these had blown down. The tents were of the British Army's Bombay type, unfamiliar to Americans, and when you are trying to pitch a large tent in the rain it helps if you know which part goes where. The Bombay is a splendid hot-weather shelter, superior in dry, torrid climates to the American pyramidal tent, a notorious heat catcher, but whoever made these Bombays had obviously never had rain explained to him clearly. For their

one of the crazier kids in the open without his lion-tamer hat, or trying to take a sun bath, he would bawl him out and chase him. Once the sun had really taken hold, it was easier to get coöperation. For instance, some of the men were contemptuous of salt tablets until their own salt began coming out on their shirts in great white stains. The Medics arranged for as many men as could be spared to knock off work and siesta in the afternoons of the bad months, which are May, June, July, August, and September. The time lost was made up on night shifts. On the whole, the Medics in the P.G.C. did a good job in every phase of their work. It is an axiom of military medicine that even in a non-combat zone, such as the Persian Gulf Command, ten per cent of your troops will always be in the hospital. In the P.G.C. the hospitalization was never higher than five or six per cent, which was gratifying in a locale saturated with malaria, dysentery, smallpox, sandfly fever, trachoma, and all the social ailments.

Many of the men were convinced that there would be a big heat slaughter that first summer. During the previous winter somebody had asked a native what the summer weather was like. "July, flies die," the native answered. "August, Johnny die." "Johnny" was local Basic Pidgin for "American soldier," and the remark swept the Command. It was repeated as a joke, but it caused quite a little worry, especially when July came and it was noticed that the flies were fulfilling their part of the prophecy. But by the end of August most of the boys were still on their feet. Though they had suffered horribly from the sun, they were very glad that the native seer had been right about the flies. Middle East flies seem to have been crossed with bulldogs: brush them off your face and there they are again.

In the years to come, no veteran of the Persian Gulf Command will ever be able to listen unbemused when his home folks complain about the sticky spells. Down in the Iranian south, some buglers used to keep their mouthpieces in glasses of water between calls. When a man was working in the sun, he would have to sponge any metal tools he needed before he picked them up, and if he was smart he always had his work gloves on when he took hold of a grabiron to climb into the cab of a locomotive or seized the propeller of a plane to give it a whip or started to unscrew the radiator cap of a vehicle. It was really something to put in a full day's work in the cab of a truck, with extra heat coming up

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through the floor from the motor, or over a rolling asphalt cooker as a member of a road gang, or at the Ordnance Depot's tire factory, or down in the hold of a ship, where it could sometimes be 140 at midnight. In the bad months, even working at an office desk could be fierce. Because your dogtags burned your flesh when you worked in the open, you took them from around your neck and put them in your pocket, although you could get in trouble for it if you were caught not wearing them. You did the same with your scapular, if you were a Catholic. You also put away your ring, which you had probably bought from one of the native silversmiths, who guaranteed that it was solid silver and had made it out of an old hub cap. Some of the boys even stopped wearing belts, insisting that the buckles were roasting their navels. God knows how they kept their pants up; with the heat working on them day in and day out, they were all as straight up and down as tent poles. You almost never saw a fat man in the south. Of those who arrived fat, the sun policed up the overwhelming majority.

The soldiers in the south didn't have to worry about pressing their clothes. If you wanted to slick up before going on a date, you merely put on your suntan pants and shirt and walked under the shower in them. After letting them soak thoroughly, you smoothed them with the palms of your hands, then stepped from under the shower and swiftly squeezed in the desired creases with the thumb and forefinger. By the time you had combed your hair, the shirt and pants would be as crisp as a new shavetail's. In the south you never bothered to take a towel to the shower with you. The only time you used towels was when you soaked them and spread them over your body when you went to bed.

EVERYBODY agreed that the most intolerable post in the Command was the port of Bandar Shahpur, a tiny island off the Gulf's tidal salt flats, entirely surrounded by poisonous water snakes. Yard engines charged back and forth across it day and night, and when you were eating you were sure they would be coming down the mess-hall table any minute. Shade temperature at Bandar Shahpur was seldom higher than 116; what made duty there so tough was the humidity that came rolling up the Gulf out of the Indian Ocean. It was really murder. After you had been in Bandar an hour, the dear old 140-degree desert oven you had left, with its nice, fresh, unadulterated heat, seemed like Sun Valley and you longed to flee back to it.

Elsewhere in the P.G.C., Bandar Shahpur was always considered a place of exile, but its morale was nevertheless as high as it was anywhere in the Command. For a while, with fewer men and fewer berths for the ships, it unloaded more tonnage than either of the two other ports in the Command did. They were a proud, defiant outfit. In the early days, they held a Perspiration Handicap once a week. Each entry would roll up a sleeve, crook an elbow, and, timed by a stopwatch, see how fast he could fill an empty C-ration can. Eight minutes, forty-one and two-fifths seconds was the record, achieved by a fat but fading major. There was always a heavy play on the entries. Finally, this fixture had to be discontinued. "The boys are just plumb sweat out," one of the officers told me. You could always spot a newcomer to Bandar Shahpur. After ten minutes in the place, he looked as though he had fallen off one of the jetties.

The heat was everybody's headache, the greatest common denominator. Even in the seasons when it was not grinding away, everyone was thinking about it, worrying over it, preparing for it, bracing himself against it, wondering what it would do to him when it returned. Western man has always thought of the sun as a giver of life, a lifter of the spirit, a bringer of hope. But this sun that burned down on the Persian Gulf Command was a different and truly odious thing, malevolent, totally dispiriting. After a while it made you numb to the roots of your brain; you really felt that you had been lowered down to hell and left there and you didn't much care any more how things turned out. There was a story that in a caravan that had struggled its way over the desert, the travellers fell on each other's necks and wept for joy when the sun went down. Nobody in the P.G.C. doubted that story.

When the Command's first summer ended, nearly everybody in the south swore he couldn't take a second and live. But by the second summer the work was rolling on ball bearings, the food was much better, and the equipment for living had been improved enormously. Besides, it is astonishing what the human body can do. One Sunday morning last June I saw a ball game between two ordnance companies in Andimeshk when it was 140. Every player kept giving it the old college try, the umpire was continually threat-her think of hens because you never knew whether they were going to lay an egg or were just brooding.

"THE OVERTONS," at the Booth, is one of those plays about the misunderstandings that are apt to upset a marriage after the first eight years. The number, of course, varies (ten, I think, is standard), but the play is always the same. In this one, the Overtons (Arlene Francis and Jack Whiting) are temporarily disconcerted by a scheming pair (Glenda Farrell and Walter Greaza). Some idea gets around that Mr. Overton has been unfaithful, and Mrs. Overton packs up to leave. As usual, however, nothing comes of it. There are some funny moments involving a drunken ex-football star, but on the whole it is a standard brand.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The most costly hotel ever built in the United States devoted entirely to luxury trade and upholstered existence is now in the works and will be built in Washington the red-hot moment that hostilities cease and the government gives its backers a green light on labor and materials. Its cost will be something in excess of $20,000,000; the site, already purchased, is near Garrett Park, Md., and the entire setup will be under the management of Gaston Lauryssen, former managing director of New York's own St. Regis.

Mr. Lauryssen's dream child, the finances of which are already organized, is tentatively named the Diplomat and will be a sort of Broadmoor, Castle Harbor, San Francisco Palace and Claridge's all rolled into one. It is going to be devoted to plush existence, Mr. Lauryssen tells this department, as no hotel in North America has ever been and such as characterized only a few private homes in the spacious days of Newport, Palm Beach and Stockbridge. Its plans embody everything from year-round skating rinks, bridle paths, swimming pools and ballrooms, to greenhouses for orchids, its own golf course and apartments ranging in size up to eleven-room duplexes, each suite entirely decorated to suit the whim of leaseholders. Mr. Lauryssen is toying with the notion of plumbing fixtures which will spray the guest with Chanel 5 while he brushes his teeth with a light Moselle. Even Alfred Barton's famed Surf Club at Miami Beach, which maintains its own jail with Beauty-Rest mattresses and all-night cell service, is going to be a bit flyblown by comparison. There will be fifty private dwellings on the grounds, termed by the management "palafittes," each complete with servants' quarters, garages and air-conditioning units, a private film theater, and a resident veterinarian for guests who bring their own livestock for the weekend.

—*Lucius Beebe in the Herald Tribune.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PERSIAN GULF COMMAND

II—THE MARBLE LAYOUT WITH THE BUILT-IN POOL

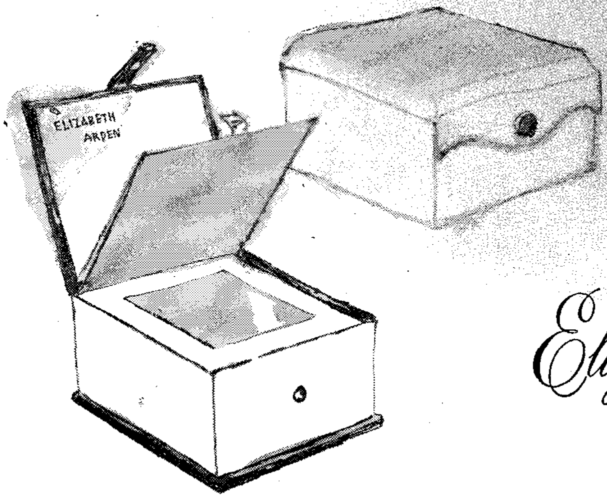
THOUGH I have no hope of being completely successful, I want to try to give an idea of how hot the summers were in Major General Donald H. Connolly's Persian Gulf Command, where, from December, 1942, to December, 1944, his officers and men ran American supplies up the western side of Iran from the Persian Gulf to the Red Army and the Russian people. Even the natives thought there was something unusual about their summers; in a sort of inverted chamber-of-commerce spirit, three towns in southern Iran claimed to be the Hottest Place on Earth. When the sun was operating wide open, hardly anybody in the P.G.C. discussed the heat; you needed all your breath to fight it. Nobody ever said, "Well, looks like another scorcher today." That it would be another scorcher went without saying. A letter I received from a friend of mine in the P.G.C. was mailed last August from a town called Ahwaz, and in the upper right-hand corner he had written, "Temperature today 149." That was the temperature in the sun, of course. At the top of the Persian Gulf, on the island of Abadan, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has its colossal refinery and we have one or two knickknacks of our own, they will show you a record of a temperature of 189. Personally, I think that thermometers turn a little crazy themselves if left in the Iranian kind of heat too long, but what are a few lousy degrees one way or the other when your brains are baking? The boys had to do a lot of their work in that sun, and wonderful work it was—some of the most important in the whole American war effort.

Naturally, the boys did as much of the work as possible in the shade, and that helped, as you will realize when you compare 189 or 149 to 120, which was the average summer shade temperature in the Iranian south. The south was heat-stroke country. All over it you saw signs pointing to Army heat-stroke centers. Some of them, in the early days, were just canvas flies pitched over a cot or two; others, built later, were fancy caverns sunk in stone, as comfortable as the Pentagon Building. When somebody was stricken, the Medics would immediately whizz him off to a center and throw him on a cot and slosh him down with ice water and pour cold drinks into him and fan him. Thomas Mann's daughter Erika visited the Command, as a correspondent. Later, in Cairo, she was interviewed by an Egypto-French periodical, which attributed to her the statement that the P.G.C.'s cure for heat-stroke victims was to freeze them in blocks of ice. It was hot in the P.G.C., but never quite that hot. If some Medic gave Miss Mann this ice gag, he must have been at the vodka beforehand. Recalling Iranian vodka, I am surprised he did not make it solid blocks of aspic they froze them in.

The Medics used to play a joke with the clinical thermometers. They would hand one that hadn't been kept on ice to a doctor newly arrived in the Command, then follow him into a ward and watch him take his first temperature. The new doc would shake the thermometer down, glance at it, and slip it into the patient's mouth, but even before it got there its mercury would have zipped up to ward temperature, probably 104 or 105, which is what the heat in the wards used to hit until they were air-conditioned. The doc's reactions when he took his next look at the thermometer were always good for a laugh. One night last May, in the town of Andimeshk (a claimant to the Hottest on Earth title), three thousand officers and men were waiting under the stars to hear Lily Pons, while backstage Miss Pons was announcing that she couldn't go on. It turned out that she had taken her temperature with her own thermometer and found that it was 103. A properly chilled thermometer was rushed to Miss Pons' dressing room and it was quickly determined that she was still a long way from the mortician's. Colonel Francis Dryden, the district commander, explained the workings of thermometers in Iran. Reassured, Miss Pons went to town with "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark" and other favorites.

THE sun killed a few of the boys during the P.G.C.'s first summer; it wounded, so to speak, a larger number. The Medics worked hard to keep the heat casualties down, raising hell with everybody they caught not taking precautions. Whenever a Medic found

"Well, I think your worries are about over. I got a hunch he's planning to finish you off in the next round."



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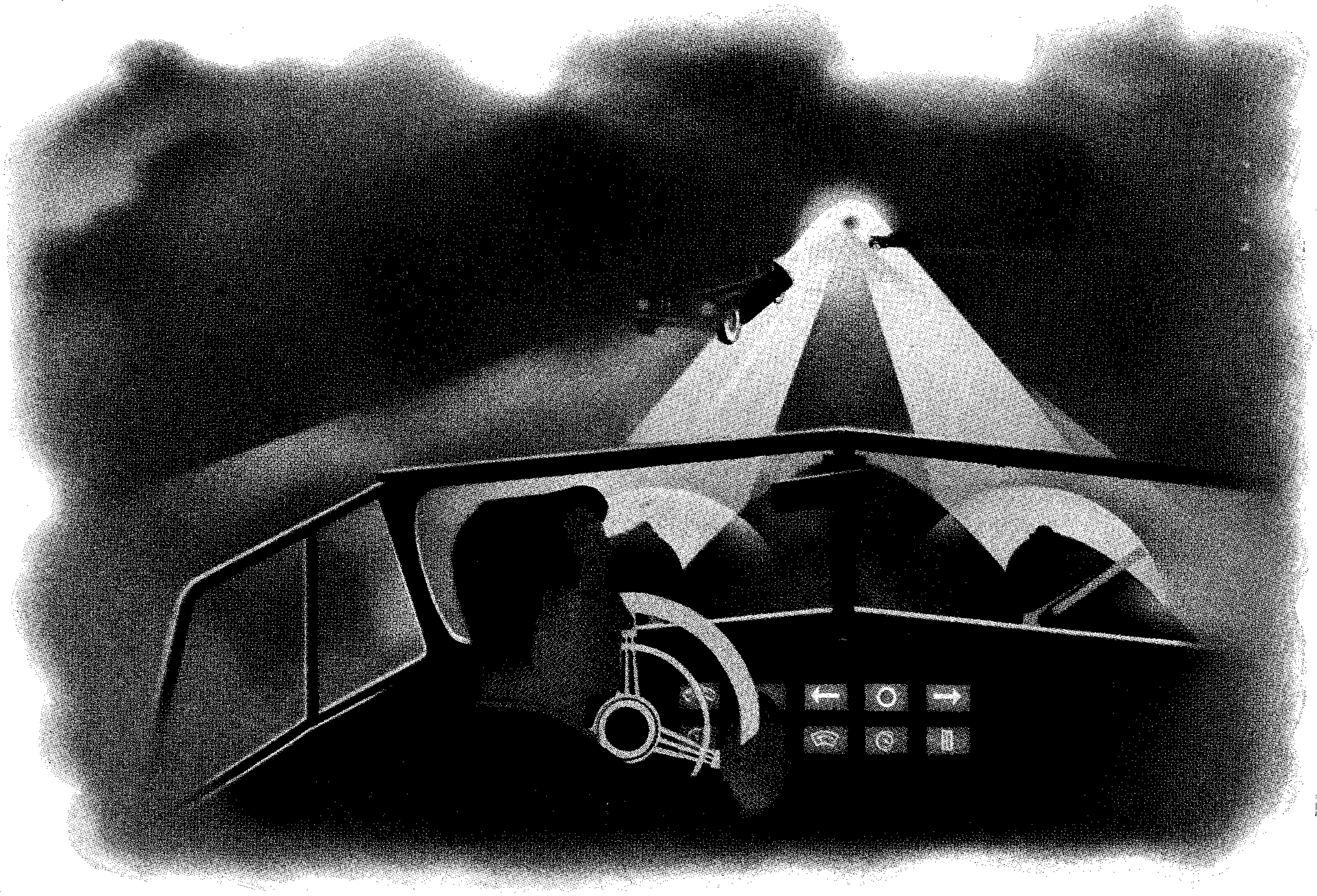
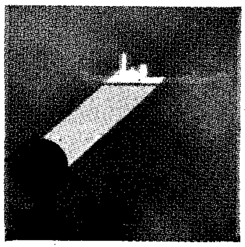
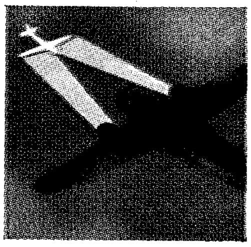




Ships, shrouded in mist, can be revealed by fog-dissolving searchlights.



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YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE!

THINK BACK six years ago. Then, the United States forced Japan to pay an indemnity for sinking the Gunboat Panay . . . a Britisher broke the world's automobile speed record by driving his car at 357.5 miles per hour . . . "The Good Earth" was filling movie houses to capacity . . . and Seagram was carefully choosing the lightest of Canadian Whiskies, to age and mellow them. Today, let the lightness of those same whiskies add to your pleasure in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN!

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occupants the next month was like living in a needle shower. The rain fell impartially on full colonels and privates no-class at all hours. As for washing facilities, they were ready to hand; you had only to hold your inverted helmet under the nearest leak. An almost religious fervor about not shaving swept the staging area, but a few fops and tories contrived a stove for heating water by laying a metal plate on supporting bricks and lighting beneath it a scrounged blowtorch or two. The standard illuminating equipment was an old condensed-milk can full of gasoline with an inch or two of tent rope for a wick. At first there were no cots, so, when their day was done, six or seven of the boys would roll up together in a spare sidewall of a tent, thus forming a huge community cocoon. Then one of them would blow out the condensed-milk lamp and they would all close their eyes and sink quietly into the mud.

The blowtorch stoves were also used to cook private meals on, for the staging area's commissariat was badly sprained. There were plenty of cooks, but they had hardly anything to cook or to cook with; their gear and raw materials were still on the boats or still on the docks. For a time the cooking gear available was so inadequate that officers and men yawned and fidgeted in some of the longest and slowest chow lines in the history of all war and of all eating. Sometimes you might not get your breakfast until late afternoon, but this scarcely mattered, because whatever meal it was almost always turned out to be goat stew. The one bright day in the eating calendar that any of that first contingent can recall was when some G.I. genius on a dock was asked by the turbaned driver of an Indian Army truck where a certain supply dump was. The G.I. looked inside the truck and saw that it was loaded with cases of B. & D. canned chicken. "I'll show you," he said, trying to still his pounding heart, and climbed into the cab. The G.I.'s colonel was so mad that the boys thought he was going to have a stroke. He lined his whole outfit up, told them they were a disgrace to the Army and the United States of America, and swore he was going to throw the book at the whole lot of them. But, stuffed with B. & D. and enjoying that feeling the enemy calls *pudelwohl*—i.e., like a poodle having a post-prandial snooze in front of a fire—the boys just looked at him sleepily.

Everybody remembered the day the rain let up a little for the first time, because it was December 24th. To cele-

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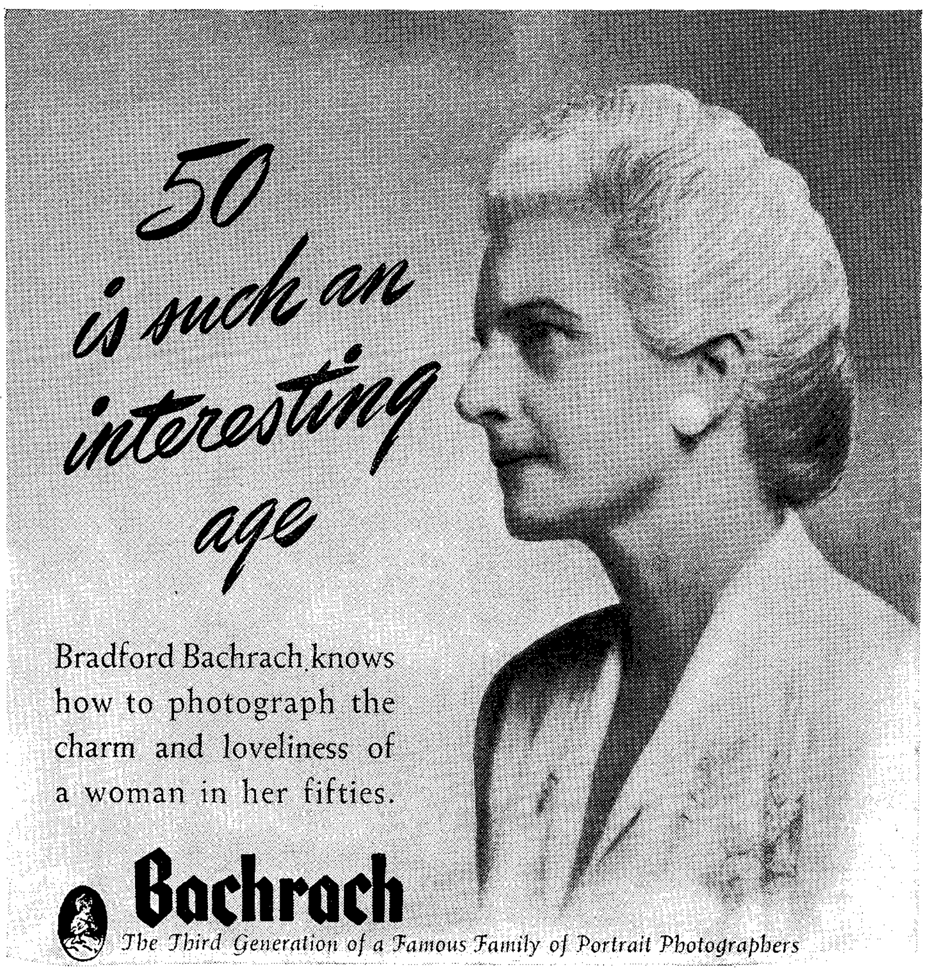
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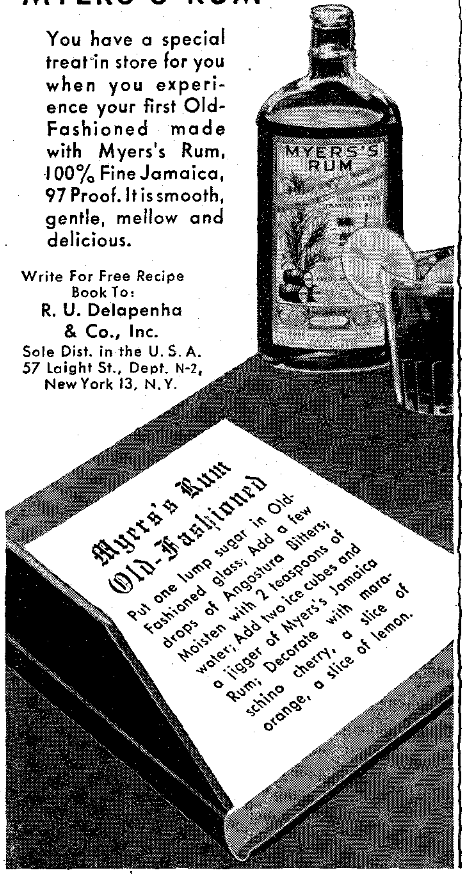

Myers's Rum
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Put one lump sugar in Old-Fashioned glass; Add a few drops of Angostura Bitters; Moisten with 2 teaspoons of water; Add two ice cubes and a jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum; Decorate with maraschino cherry, a slice of orange, a slice of lemon.

brate, the boys decided to get some old palm leaves and towel them off and build a big bonfire. However, late that afternoon a tip came through that the Italian bombers would be over that night, so the boys had to forget about their bonfire. Some of them did slop through the puddles, singing off-key carols from tent to tent, but nobody felt very Dickensian. The Italian bombers didn't come, yet it was certainly possible that they might have; they had already bombed the island of Bahrein, down in the Gulf, and the P.G.C.'s arrival had been announced over the Axis radio the day before the landing. That Christmas Eve the first American train left Khorramshahr with supplies for the Russians. As our own locomotives had not yet reached the Persian Gulf, this train was pulled by a British engine, which had no headlight, bell, or cowcatcher. There was a wreck, and a popular G.I. from Mississippi, a company clerk, got killed. It started to rain again and this set the boys to baying, "Iran! Land of romance!" One pfc, a former newspaper copyreader, used to sit in his tent dodging leaks and composing imaginary front-page streamers on the way things were going. "SNAFU REIGNS SUPREME IN GULF YULE HEX FEST" was the streamer for his Christmas mental one-star edition. The following observation, in a letter home, was almost exactly duplicated again and again in other letters the censors encountered: "We can't figure out what kind of folks these Persians are that live around here. They sit up all night laughing and raising hell." The nocturnal revellers turned out to be jackals. One night a pack tore into a mess tent, leaped onto a long table, and ran off with two hundred pounds of precious meat in the presence of the petrified K.P.s.

All of these bafflements and breakdowns and bugups combined into simply one more of those messes our green citizen soldiers were getting in all over the world in those days. There must have been scores of Khorramshahrs, hundreds of them. Other outfits in other theatres were having it as bad as or worse than the P.G.C., and those being shot at were having it far worse. Missing the shooting was great luck for the P.G.C., luck which it wouldn't have had if the Russians hadn't held Stalingrad and Montgomery hadn't chased Rommel out of Egypt. Still, there wasn't much else it missed. It didn't feel itself a lucky outfit, and it didn't look like one when the rain finally slacked off a bit and let it get to work. Nothing seemed to go right in the beginning—nothing.

CHIEFLY because of the dock shortage, the stevedoring situation was in a dreadful snarl. The Liberty ships were clogging up the roadsteads and it would often be fifty or sixty days before one was emptied and could start home for another load. South of Iraq, on the western shore of the Gulf, is a tiny sultanate called Kuwait, whose marine Arabs have been famous since Marco Polo's time for building dhows, high-decked sailing vessels that look like the caravels of Columbus. These Arabian Yankees of Kuwait—magnificent, big, clean men—had built from furnished parts about five dozen Higgins barges for the Command, and they were used for unloading the Liberties offshore. This helped some but not nearly enough. Cargo was being moved far too slowly off what few docks there were. Cases of knocked-down trucks and fighter planes began to gather on the docks like some monstrous fungoid. The stevedore officers thought they would go crazy.

The Iranian State Railway, which our Transportation Corps' Military Railway Service took over, may have been all very well for its peacetime traffic—a light passenger train every other day and one short string of flimsy and midget boxcars a week—but now it had to help supply the longest battle line in the history of the world. In America the steel rails used on main-line tracks weigh a hundred and ten or more pounds per yard; in Iran the seventy-five-pound rails of soft German iron whimpered beneath the tremendous loads of Sherman tanks, ammunition, explosives, heavy construction materials, food, clothing, and medicines that had to travel north night and day. Pretty soon you could take a sight along these rails and see that they undulated in short permanent waves.

The worst transport hazard of all was the topography. It is some six hundred miles from Khorramshahr to Teheran, the end of our supply route by rail. After crossing about a hundred and eighty miles of desert to Andimeshk, the trains had to climb fearsome mountains rising to seven thousand feet. With the enormously increased loads, it became very difficult for the little locomotives to get up the grades. Major Worthington Smith, an old-timer from the Northern Pacific, who commanded the mountain run, would often rush out a whole company of his men to throw sand on the tracks by hand. Car coupling on the Iranian State Railway was of the nineteenth-century hook-and-link variety, and since there were no air brakes at all, when part of a loaded train broke loose ascending a grade, it rolled downhill backward. As the line was single-tracked all the way, this didn't make for cozy railroading. There were sandstorms, blizzards, wrecks. Every now and then something would catch fire—perhaps a tank car full of high octane. Colonel (now Brigadier General) Paul Yount, who commanded the Military Railway Service, gnawed his knuckles over the nine-hundred-car pile-ups in the Andimeshk yards.

The Motor Transport Service ran a truck line, roughly parallel to the railroad, to Kazvin, which lies about ninety miles northwest of Teheran. In the early days each truck and its driver made the entire trip and every trip took years from the lives of both. Drivers worked twenty hours out of twenty-four, were chilblained by snow, parboiled by sun, strangled by dust, and fired on by bandits. Master Sergeant Mario Pomato was murdered by mountain bandits in the cab of his truck; other drivers were wounded. It is one thing to be strafed by a legitimate enemy and quite another to be shot by some bushwhacker out for a night's hijacking. The condition of the mountain road, in the early days, was almost past credence. The most frequent trucking casualty was the jounced-off gasoline tank. The boys would wire railroad ties on them to try to hold them down sufficiently to keep the bumps from tearing them off. It didn't work. The constant pounding of the trucks hitting the holes in the road would become so insufferable that the drivers would often steer their trucks from the running boards so that they could stand erect and give themselves some relief. When a driver started out in the morning, he was given a jam sandwich and a Spam sandwich for his lunch, and he would put these in the glove compartment on the dashboard, where, by regulation, he also kept his trip ticket, which is the Army truck driver's bill of lading. By lunchtime the trip ticket would be so smeared with jam, bread crumbs, and Spam as to be undecipherable by any authority on earth.

To make the road fit for trucking was one of the countless jobs that fell to the Engineers. I forget the real first name of Captain Norton, who was in charge of rebuilding the hundred and eighty miles of the road's desert section, but everybody in the Engineers called him Snorty. Snorty's orders were to complete construction at the rate of two

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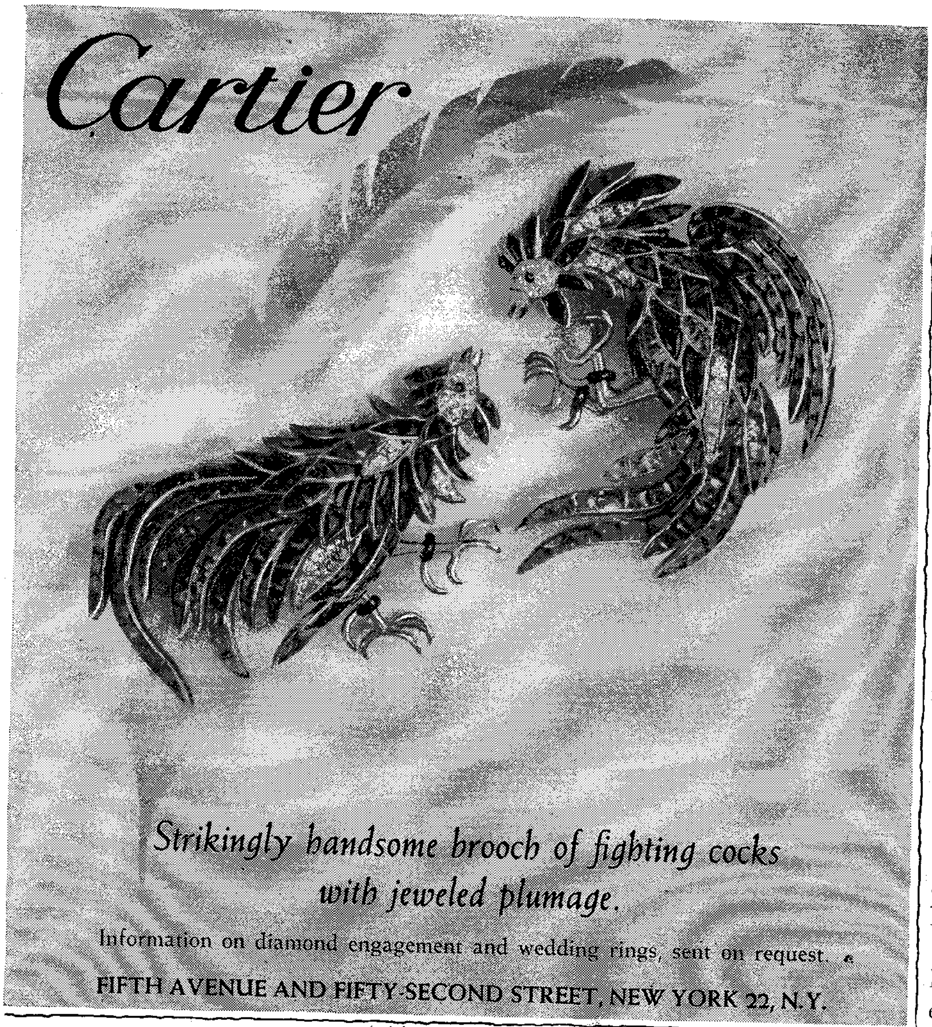
miles a day. Every dawn he would be out with his crew and the bulldozers and the scrapers and the sheepfoot rollers and the draglines and the asphalt cookers. The sun gave Snorty and his boys an awful beating, but not one day did they fail to build their aching two miles. It grew into a beautiful road—two feet off the desert floor, wide enough to drive three trucks abreast over, and as smooth as Fifth Avenue. At last, after nearly three months of the most punishing drudgery, Snorty and the boys saw Andimeshk on the horizon. Andimeshk was the end of the desert, the end of their trouble, an oasis where real beer flowed. Then suddenly—without the sky's darkening or the wind's giving a breath of warning—great waves of water appeared and engulfed trucks and knocked telephone poles askew. All the rivers in the region had puked up water at once and created a flood. It was an insane miracle. "When the waves hit that ashphalt," Snorty used to say afterward, "I thought it was something out of the Old Testament come to fetch us." Not an inch of Snorty's beautiful road was left.

The American male is an admirable housekeeper if left to himself long enough. All of this mess and a thousand others were cleared up, though naturally not overnight. Docks were constructed and the Liberty ships were emptied in seven days instead of fifty or sixty. Air brakes came over for the trains, bigger, stronger boxcars were assembled, and Diesel locomotives arrived. The Diesels glided through the forty-seven miles of unventilated mountain tunnels without turning them into suffocating, blinding infernos of steam. Vast dumps had been set up in the slow days, and the railroaders got so good that soon they were handling both the tonnage arriving on the ships and cleaning up the dumps concurrently. There was a time when the Military Railway Service delivered freight faster than the Russians could take it away. Snorty Norton and his boys rebuilt the desert road from scratch and their brother Engineers went on to complete an incredibly smooth highway all the way to Kazvin. Once the Motor Transport Service had a decent road to roll on, it installed the block system, whereby a driver would make a day's run with a loaded truck to a block terminal, catch a night's sleep, and return to his home base with an empty. The loaded truck he had driven north would be taken on to the next block terminal by another driver. On every block there were mid-



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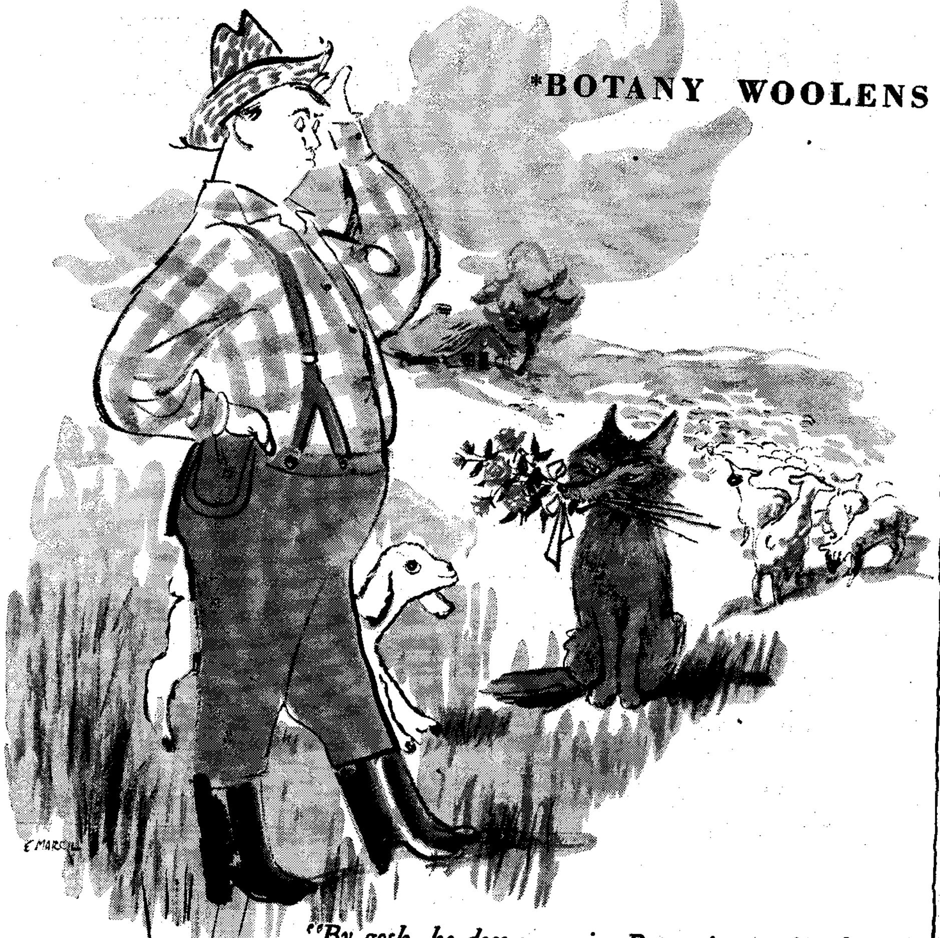

*BOTANY WOOLENS

"By gosh, he does recognize Botany's superior sheep."

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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way stations where drivers could stop for rest, repairs, and pretty good meals. Wrecking crews patrolled the road, giving first-aid service to stricken vehicles.

The P.G.C.'s Ordnance set up a minor Detroit at Andimeshk, with every imaginable kind of equipment for the maintenance of motor vehicles, even an oxygen factory for the welding tools. When the P.G.C. started, the Russians had rather anxiously wondered if we could assemble as many as two thousand trucks a month for them. Soon two assembly plants were turning out seventy-five hundred vehicles a month on the average and trucks were coming off the line at the rate of one every five minutes. The Russians asked for a hundred planes a month; Colonel Charles Porter, once of Wall Street (American Sugar), and his boys at the plane-assembly plant were soon trebling and quadrupling the number requested. The Signal Corps did some very acrobatic wire stringing over the mountains and installed a good telephone system. In addition to doing their astonishing job with the road, the Engineers built hospitals, barracks, officers' quarters, mess halls, PXs, and service clubs, so that everybody could be out of tents by the time the wet weather arrived in the fall of 1943.

By then the Persian Gulf Command was clicking so well that Private Eddie Paul Sklabinsky was moved to write the music and words to a song. It went:

Tonnage, Johnny, that's the only thing you
know;
Tonnage, Johnny, you're the leader of the
show.
Johnny's sending aid to Russia;
We know what he's thinking of:
For while he's sending aid to Russia
He's helping to preserve the life we love.

—JOEL SAYRE

(*This is the second of four articles on the Persian Gulf Command. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Washington Post*]

Senator and Mrs. James E. Murray of Montana entertained the poetess, Patricia Benton Mednikoff of Rye, N. Y., at dinner at the Shoreham last week. En route to Texas where the poetry societies are to entertain her at San Antonio and Corpus Christi, Mrs. Mednikoff has stopped at the Capital to be the guest of Senator Murray and to visit for the first time sessions of Congress.

Emerging from the Senate Gallery, Mrs. Mednikoff proceeded to the Library of Congress where she wrote a poem, entitled "Washington—1944."

a touch of
"atmosphere"

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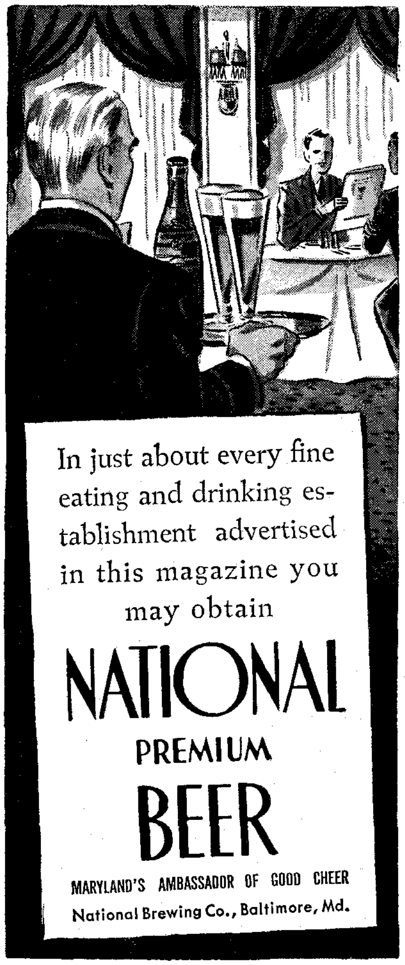
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THE ART GALLERIES

Past and Present

BIG shows of paintings by acknowledged Old Masters can be a delight to look at, but they are not always a delight to write about. It's hard to think up anything new to say about a Rembrandt, a Titian, or a Tintoretto, and very nearly all the modern critic can do, beyond offering such small personal comment as he is capable of, is to list the titles and apportion the praise. Then, too, some paintings have a way of popping up from year to year in one exhibition after another (naturally, the supply isn't endless), and unless the critic happens to be one of those didactic types who take a curious pride in recording every time they have seen a given picture, he is likely to find himself still further limited in his search for novelty. In the end, there are times when the poor fellow has precious little to talk about.

Because of all this, I'm not going to say a great deal about specific paintings in the new loan show, called "Dutch Masters of the Seventeenth Century," at Knoedler. There are three Rembrandts, a couple of Albert Cuyps, two van Ruysdaels, a van Goyen, a Terborch, a Jan Steen, and a sampling of other great names of the period. The collection is given considerable freshness and interest by the fact that of the twenty paintings it contains, nine—including two of the Rembrandts and a beautiful big, sunny "Cows with a Milkmaid" by Albert Cuyp—have never been shown here before. What struck me most about the exhibition, however, was the excellence of its selection. Twenty pictures aren't much if you have a whole century and a nation to cover, and yet the collection is so well arranged and integrated that it does manage to cover them—sketchily, perhaps, but adequately.

What you get is the Dutch way of life, hardy, competent, matter-of-fact, food- and pleasure-loving, yet still capable and extremely realistic. (I was interested to note that there is only one canvas, a Cuyp "Landscape with Figures and Cattle," with some Italianate castles and crags in the background, that has anything fanciful about it; all the rest are completely veracious pictorially.) What you see, too, to a really surprising degree, is that life in all its facets.

We are wrong when we think of the Dutch only in terms of hard work and rustic dances. There was a period when their rich merchant families went in pretty heavily for the more frippery side of French fashions, and there is a series of interiors—"The Music Lesson," by Gerard Terborch, Jacob Ochtervelt's "A Lady and Mandolin Player," and the miniaturistically painted "A Lady with a Parrot," by Frans van Mieris—which portrays the elaborate ostentations of that class. There are four or five landscapes and seascapes to set the background. There is a Jan Steen inn scene called "The Hurdy-Gurdy Player," all drunkenness and carousal, which reveals how the Dutch carried on when they really let go. (Steen himself ran a tavern for a while at Leyden, so he ought to have known.) There is a Pieter de Hooch, "The Bedroom," with the artist's wife portrayed as the housewife making up the beds while a little girl swings on a door opening on a sunny garden, which shows how cheerful and unaffectedly genial Dutch life could be on occasion. Even these, though, and the truly masterly Rembrandt "Portrait of the Painter, Gerard de Lairesse," don't quite give the real flavor of the show. It's a case in which the whole equals more than the sum of its parts; except for only two or three examples, every picture is a true gem of its kind, but there is a quality above that that binds them together and illuminates them. That is the quality of the seventeenth-century Dutch themselves—mellow, comfortable, untroubled, self-assured, and unquestioning. It was a good life they had. If we're not likely ever to see it repeated, we can at least be glad that while it lasted it was pictured so sympathetically.

I GUESS it is fair enough to say that American sculpture right now is in something close to the doldrums. There are no big, important figures as leaders, and, what is worse, there are no very clearly discernible stirrings of innovation or revolt to give promise to its future. But if sculpture isn't as exciting as it might be, there is sound competence and a bright inquiringness about it, and because of this the new exhibition at the Buchholz, "Recent Work by American Sculptors," is a generally lively affair. Thirty-four pieces make up the group, and they range from a thoroughly conservative "Portrait of a Girl" by Margrit Fischer to an abstract and more or less incomprehensible "Architectural Figure" by Peter Grippe. In between, there are a fine, highly stylized, but graceful "Capricchio" by José de Creeft, a small figure called "Dream," by Henry Rox, and—perhaps the best thing in the show—a very quietly handled but marvellously fluent "Torso" by William Zorach. The recent Whitney sculpture show had well over a hundred examples and yet didn't do as well.

Everett Spruce, the Texas painter, had his last one-man exhibition here some six years ago, and he revealed himself as a man who combined strong creative perception with considerable independence of style. He is now showing a set of new oils at the Mortimer Levitt, and the work indicates that he has both mellowed and strengthened enormously. While his design was hard and angular to the point of crudeness before, it is now smoother and better integrated, and his color is both subtler and more expressive. He still deals in Texas subjects for the most part, but with far greater depth of feeling than before, and I found such pieces as "Night Bird," "Two Owls," and "Canyon at Night" singularly evocative.

—Robert M. Coates

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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Walking on New York's 42nd Street during the noon hour, I felt the elastic in my panties pop. Down they slithered to my knees—my feet. In horror I looked up and met the sympathetic yet amused eyes of a young Air Force captain. Without a word, he turned and hurried to the curb, yelling excitedly, "Look! Look!" and pointing upward. My growing audience rushed to his side. Taking advantage of the diversion, I gathered up my private apparel, stuffed it into my coat, and melted into the crowd. Observing my escape, the captain pushed his way through the crowd and went off grinning happily.—*Reader's Digest, April, 1944.*

Movie Star Anne Baxter whispered into my shell-like ear the story of a girl friend who was walking down Broadway and had a minor accident. She lost her panties. An Army captain who was passing saw her plight as well as her panties, and seized the situation, using an old dog-eared copy of "Little Caesar" to seize it with. Pointing to the sky, he yelled, "Hey, look, look!" The crowd on Broadway looked up, and the gal grabbed her panties, stuck them in her purse, and hurried on, unnoticed. The moral of this story, gals, is, don't wear your panties loose.—*Earl Wilson in the Post, Jan. 16, 1945.*

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with a wife and two small kids, and Pa and my young brother trying to swing a 240-acre farm that'll be mostly mine some day... Ma has a bad heart, and she worries. The baby is kind of delicate, too... So I need to know what's going on back home. Got a big investment there... My letters used to come in batches, four-five weeks old, always some missin', just like a jigsaw puzzle... Then Ma found out about V-Mail. Now all of them write shorter letters, more often. I get 'em eight to ten days regular... Big relief not to have to go 'round full of unfinished business..."

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LETTER FROM LYON

FEBRUARY 7 (BY WIRELESS)

WHAT was looked forward to as the most dramatic and consequential treason trial of freed France—this side of Marshal Pétain's being brought to the prisoner's box—recently ran its brief, four-day course here in the riverfront Palais de Justice. As it turned out, the legal drama resembled a marionette show, since the elderly, gesticulating star defendant, Charles Maurras, is stone-deaf and almost voiceless. And as for consequences, the prosecution asked for Maurras' brilliant old head but the jury gave only his senile body—to be imprisoned for life. Since it is seventy-six years old, death probably won't be long in coming to it.

Venomous Maurras, who for nearly half a century had been the chief of French Royalism, anti-Republicanism, and anti-Semitism and the editor of *L'Action Française*—the daily paper which spoke for all three and was published in Lyon instead of Paris during the occupation—was tried primarily on the charge of intelligence with the enemy. On trial with him was his unimportant, faithful co-editor and disciple, Maurice Pujo, who received, like a gift for his seventy-third birthday, which he celebrated while on trial, a sentence of only five years. Sitting behind their démodé Malacca canes, which they hung each day from the prisoner's bar, the two old contemporaries presented a strange sight: plump Pujo, with his full beard and high forehead, looking as though he had on a Victor Hugo false-face; mannikin Maurras, his tiny, flat-topped skull crowded with its several ugly ornaments—the bulbous nose, the shabby whiskers, the pince-nez, the enormous, useless ears. (He lost his hearing as the result of an adolescent attack of mumps.)

The trial of Maurras was unique in at least two respects. The prisoner seemed to be the most intelligent person present, and his defense consisted of a scintillating manuscript of a hundred and thirty-four pages, which it took him two months to write in prison and two days to read aloud in court, almost inaudibly. The manuscript was entitled "Curriculum Vitae" and was just that. "My name is Charles Marie-Ursuline Photius Maurras," it began. "I was born April 20, 1868, in Provence, two years before the war of 1870 and far from its theatre, but the repercussion was immense within me. The antagonism between France and Germany has dominated my life."

His lifetime included the founding of the Third Republic, which he always editorialized against in *L'Action Française* as "the slut," and the Republic's fall, which he hailed as "the divine surprise." His persistent antagonism to Republicanism and, during the occupation, his sympathy for Pétain's Vichy made his trial symbolic. Few Frenchmen now believe that the Marshal himself will ever be hailed into court. Maurras was accepted as the Marshal's stand-in. The trial was a dress rehearsal for a spectacle which will probably never take place. The trial being the foremost legal event since the liberation, thirty Paris journalists, plus four British and one American, journeyed down to Lyon to attend. Owing to snow, the coal shortage, and bombed tracks, the trip took twenty hours instead of the peacetime six. It was made in a coach that was almost unheated, utterly unequipped with water, and tagged onto a freight train.

In the Palais de Justice's outer foyer, snow filtered in through windows that had been shattered when the departing Germans bombed twenty-six of the city's twenty-nine bridges. The steam-heating pipes had burst in the recent unprecedented cold, and four midget wood-burning stoves were arranged around the judge's feet. In the lethargy induced by the chill and the inability to make out what Maurras was mumbling, the journalists, who had gathered in the expectation of becoming impassioned, dozed. Below the press, in the tawdry, pink-damasked Restoration courtroom, the gentry who had tickets of admission sat wrapped in greatcoats. At the back stood the crowd, mostly young Royalist henchmen, ready with a quick propaganda roar to heckle the prosecution of their old chief. The Bench itself was of extreme importance, since it was one of the new Cours Spéciales de Justice, the miniature judicial bodies set up by the liberation committees for the speedy trials of collaborationists. The Cour consisted of a regular prewar, red-robed, ermine-caped judge, flanked by what we Americans might call a packed jury—four very special jurymen whose vote, together with that of the judge, would establish the verdict. The names of these four jurors had been pulled by His Honor from an urn which had contained the names of twenty very special Lyon citizens, all of whom had been O.K.'d by the local liberation chiefs as sympathetic to the resistance and thus unsympathetic to the collaborationists they would be judging. Up to now, the liberation committees have been so busy using judges to preside over the purge trials that they have not had time to purge the judges themselves, many of whom worked under Vichy. The patriotic jurors are supposed to supply balance to the new scales of justice.

SANDWICHES
TO TAKE
OUT
cobean

SINCE French journalists were restricted by the paper shortage to a few words on the trial, none of them was interested in reading the forty thousand words of Maurras' "Curriculum Vitae," the manuscript of which his lawyer tried to lend to anyone who, having failed to hear, might wish to read. Maurras' crookedly pointed, brilliant pen had traced a perverted history of the France which Maurras proclaimed he had always truly loved and of the Germany which—he was a precocious Germanophobe at the age of two—he proclaimed he had always ardently hated. It had also traced the development of his political phobias: against parliaments, against non-czarist Russians, and against non-Christian races, the last hatred being one which too many educated upper-class French still share. His manuscript was full of Latin and of scholarly literary citations from the past, invariably used as insults for someone on the present scene. He insulted the judge with a quotation from Bossuet; he insulted Hitler by saying he stole his "*ich*" from the philosopher von Fichte; he insulted the red-robed prosecutor by saying he could "with fructification" read Maurras' famous, informative, five-volume "Dictionnaire Politique et Critique." He insulted the witnesses, even those who, like Bidault, the brother of de Gaulle's Minister of Foreign Affairs, refused, out of "Christian charity," to testify against him, although during the occupation Maurras' denunciation of the future minister as a de Gaullist had set the Gestapo on his trail. He even insulted his patient, stentorian-voiced young secretary, who could make the old man hear words by shouting them up his nose, one of the oddest sights and sounds of the trial.

One man Maurras did not insult was a father who swore on the witness stand that a letter denouncing him as a de Gaullist was identical in language with a typical, scurrilous, witch-hunting *Action Française* article written shortly before by Maurras. The article had sufficiently identified the man and his home town to bring the Gestapo to his door. They seized his two sons for deportation to Germany, shot a friend who had merely come to the house that day for lunch, arrested his daughter's fiancé and himself, and threw them in the dread Lyonnais prison of Montluc, built as a fortress by Vauban for Louis XIV. The Gestapo used the prison as their local torture center, and it was still so solid that few people were able to escape from it. The prosecution, focussing its case on this and other denunciations and the deaths they caused, was unsuccessful in getting a conviction on the major charge against Maurras. Maurras had denounced men not because they were patriots but because they were pro-Republicans. The court decided that there was no evidence that he had ever had any intelligence with the hated Germans.

The French public, and French journalists, too, are becoming tired of the

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fact that journalists are the most executed, imprisoned, and purged professional class in liberated France. It is obviously easy to prosecute a writer, since he has already put down in black and white all the evidence against himself. It is to be noted that the Lyon liberation jurors condemned Maurras on the secondary charge brought against him, that of "demoralization of the nation." Maurras, writer for *L'Action Française*, only now condemned to life imprisonment for being demoralizingly against the Republic, Jews, and democracy and in favor of kings (though he said he had never met one); Henri Béraud, writer for *Gringoire*, condemned to death (but reprieved) for having been demoralizingly anti-English; and Robert Brasillach, writer for *Je Suis Partout*, just condemned to be shot for having been demoralizingly pro-dictator, all wrote nothing during the war that they had not been writing for years during peace. The trial of Maurras has really been the trial of the liberty and license of an irresponsible democratic press. This is one aspect of the trial that is of importance to democracy's press everywhere. It is an aspect the French press did not mention.

PEARL HARBOR upset Lyon perhaps more than any other Allied city except Washington. Japan's entrance into the war finally cut off Lyon's already restricted supply of Japanese cocoons, which, because they were cheaper than the French ones, had, since the beginning of this century, gradually killed off the silkworms and even the mulberry trees which flourished around silk-webbed Renaissance towns like Vaison and many others in the Rhône valley. Until the wonderful little Japs began undercutting the French silk growers, Lyon silk had ranked as one of the great nineteenth-century luxury industries of France. Today many of the Lyon looms, rigged to manufacture fibrane, a textile concocted from oak, are idle because there is no oak. After four years of occupation, France is so short of wood, even for baking its bread, that in state forests like the Bois de Boulogne, the St. Cloud, and the Vincennes, trees are being felled which were marked for cutting in 1952.

In the Lyon bistros there has been angry muttering because one of the most powerful dynastic silk families, the Gilets, who collaborated handsomely, their workers charge, by making silk parachutes for the Nazis, have gone scot-free. However, leading members of the Berliet clan, who allegedly produced trucks for the Germans, are awaiting trial. Their factories are now being run on a nationalization plan by representatives of the workers, the government, and maybe even of the Berliet family. The foggy climate that is guaranteed Lyon by its picturesque position astride two swift rivers, the Saône and the Rhône, makes for a corridor of humidity which is ideal for handling brittle silk thread. During the war, the fog has also brought extra suffering to the underheated, underfed Lyonnais. Tuberculosis is especially rampant; this winter, during which the customary damp on poor citizens' walls has actually turned to ice, the tubercular have died like chilled flies. Rickets is ravaging the young. Unless they receive fish-liver oil soon, seventy thousand young Lyonnais are going to grow up bandy-legged.

Because Lyon was the first big city below the German demarcation line set up between occupied and unoccupied France, it became the natural capital of the resistance—convenient to patriots from both zones—when the resistance made its first, faint start in the autumn of 1940. Lyon is one city where the resistance divides into clear-cut groups and periods and makes historical sense rather than the jumble of real patriotism and often barefaced lies that it is in Paris. As the Lyonnais now bitterly remark, lots of the Paris resistants date from August 32nd, when the fighting for liberation was over. The first resistance movement in Lyon actually started in London, among those few French officers and soldiers who reached England after Dunkerque and threw in their lot with General de Gaulle. They were known thereafter as the F.F.C., or Forces Françaises de Combat. Almost all the F.F.C. from Lyon were parachuted back into their home sector, where they acted as reception agents for later parachutes carrying money, guns, orders, and so on. The second, and far greater, resistance group in Lyon was Communist—the F.T.P., the powerful Franc-Tireur and Partisan group. Its members were workmen who organized because they were anti-collaborationist and who specialized in sabotaging the work their bosses paid them to do for the Nazis. The third Lyon resistance group, and a massive one, was the F.F.I., or Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur. This was made up of men from nearly all classes, men who were determined not to be deported as slave labor to Germany and who, to escape Laval's labor raids, fled to the *maquis.* There they consolidated into guerrilla bands. The four events which, each in its turn, specifically led to the growth of all three resistance groups were: first, the Vichy conscription of labor; second, the loss of popularity by General Giraud, who to many young Frenchmen represented their last connection with the past (they accepted de Gaulle as the only next best thing); third, the Allied invasion of North Africa; and, finally, the failure of Marshal Pétain to flee from Vichy and defiantly join the Anglo-Saxon Allies when Hitler extended the occupation to include all France, on Armistice Day, 1942. The Marshal's decision to stay on at Vichy lost to him hundreds of thousands of followers overnight.

No one in Lyon seems to know exactly how large the resistance became. Its clandestinity made statistics impossible. However, the Lyonnais figure that in all of France a hundred thousand resistants were shot and four hundred thousand were deported, as political prisoners, to Germany, where they still are, dead or partly alive. Nobody has any idea how many fathers, mothers, and sisters of resistants were arrested and tortured. The Lyonnais know all about torture and can show their scars. In the horrible torture center of Montluc, the Gestapo installed, for their prisoners, cradles which swung from baths of ice to baths of steam, and headbands with vises which squeezed the skull and bulged the eyes. Because the Germans, despite their haste in leaving when the Allies arrived, took time to destroy whatever records they may have written—in blood, you might say—at Montluc, there are even more resistance statistics that will never be known.

At the newspaper kiosks in Lyon you can buy a little booklet written by a prisoner who was tortured in Montluc. It is very informative. —GENÊT

•

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  Lawrence Tibbett,
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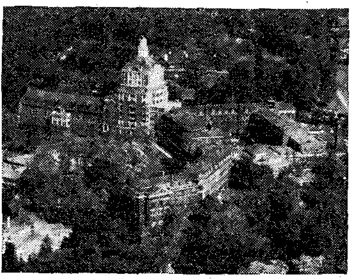

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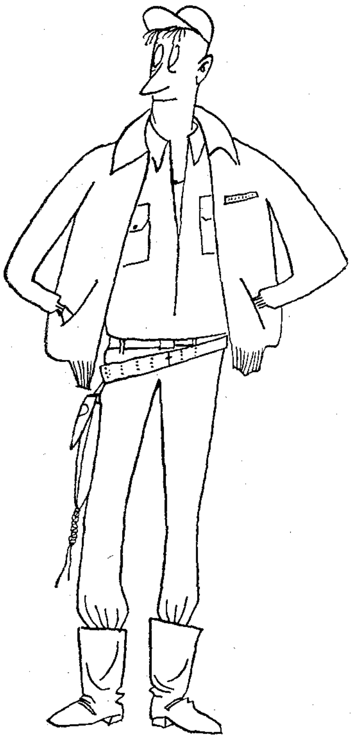
MY wife and I were going to drive from Hollywood, California, to St. Augustine, Florida. The worst part of this prospect in wartime (once the rationing board had allotted us the necessary gas) was not having a good automobile jack. Ours was broken, and it was utterly impossible to find, buy, borrow, or steal a workable one. Dozens of auto-parts store clerks and junk-yard dealers laughed at the mere mention of obtaining one.

We started out on the trip, nevertheless, hoping that we wouldn't have a flat tire. Our jack, with a good deal of care and coaxing, would barely lift a wheel off the ground when the car was empty and it happened to be feeling like it at the moment. What it would do when the car was loaded with luggage we shuddered to think.

We found out late one afternoon in the middle of Arizona, in a desert section of wonderful scenery but absolutely no civilization. With some trepidation I got out the jack and tried to use it. It balked completely. While my wife made housekeeping plans to spend the night in the car on the desert, I unloaded our heaviest pieces of luggage and then tried the jack again. It still wouldn't work.



The only other thing to do was to stop a passing car and ask for the loan of a jack. I stood out on the road and began to make signs. No one stopped. Fellow Americans, I began to be convinced, were a bunch of selfish heels. I remembered Clark Gable in the old picture "It Happened One Night," when he tried unsuccessfully to thumb cars.

At this thought, I told my wife that she would have to do a Claudette Colbert from the same movie and show some leg to get a car to stop. My wife said she had something a lot better than a leg to show. This rather startled me until she held up a package of cigarettes.

She waved it at several cars, whose occupants either didn't get the idea or didn't smoke, for they passed us. Then two trucks appeared. My wife held up the package in plain sight and I pointed to the flat tire. The first truck went by us, but after it passed there was a sudden screech of brakes. Meanwhile the second truck had come up and the driver of this one stopped immediately, just in back of our car.

Both drivers got out of their cabs at the same time and descended upon us. Both were large men with plenty of jaw and shoulders. Their eyes were on the package of cigarettes in my wife's hand until their glances shifted belligerently to each other. Without addressing us, one of them said to the other, "I'll take it, bud. I stopped first."

"You went on by first is what you mean," the second driver said.

"Maybe," said the first. "That don't make no difference."

"Oh, no?" said the second, stepping a little closer to the other driver.

"No," said the first quite definitely, also stepping closer.

At that point I thought I had better enter the affair. After all, I had something to do with it and a certain interest, which was to get my tire changed instead of attending a slugging match in a remote section of Arizona. Rather loftily, because of my obviously improved bargaining position, I suggested that they flip a coin to see who was to be privileged to lend his jack to me.

They weren't listening; instead, they were now snarling at each other and slowly circling. My wife cried out that if they wouldn't fight we would give a package of cigarettes to each of them. They didn't hear her, either, which I thought was a good thing. I hastily amended the offer by calling out that they could split the one package.

If they heard that, it failed to make any impression. They were really aroused about the thing now, to the point of shouting into each other's faces, almost nose to nose. Blows were likely to start any instant. I hollered at them not to be damn fools over a package of cigarettes. They seemed content to be damn fools. The battle was about to begin. I was wondering how hard I would be socked if I stepped between them when my wife did the stepping. Frantically she grabbed another package of cigarettes from the car and waved it in the faces of the men.

That stopped them. They looked at us rather sheepishly. They looked at our flat tire. They looked at each other again, and seemed at last to agree on something, though not happily.

The thing they agreed on was not the mere loan of a jack. One of them got out his jack, shot our wheel up in the air, and started to rip it off. The other hurriedly got out his tube-patching equipment, saying, "I'll put a hot patch on that."

"You'll wait until I get it out," growled the other.

They vied jealously for the various parts of the job in hand, arguing over them and actually snatching for them. They wouldn't even let us put a hand to loading our luggage back in the car but asked for instructions about where the pieces went. Their thanks, when they received their exorbitant pay, were profuse. They glared at each other once more and departed. After they were gone, we agreed that this was the time we should swear off smoking and make it stick, at least for the rest of the trip, in order to have sufficient bait for a repeat performance, if necessary.

—THEODORE PRATT

•

COSTUME PIECE

Winter becomes me, now:
Right fittingly I wear
The black, remembering bough,
With no leaf, anywhere,
And sad stars hung in air.

The man, remembering more
Than bough does, or than sky,
At day's end leaves his door
To walk the wood, nearby
(The man who walks is I),

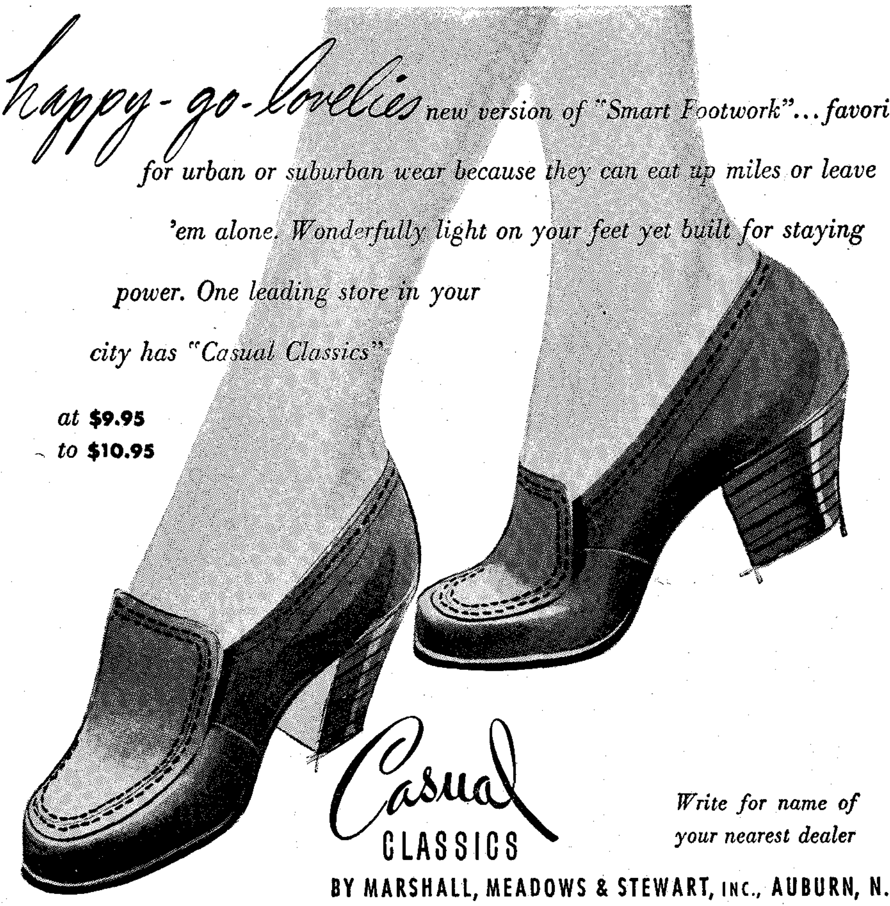
And what he wears is woods,
Whence all the birds have flown,
And a late sky that broods
On sorrows of its own,
Above a man alone.

—DAVID MORTON

•

Pvt. Frank Oldham has arrived in New Guinea and not New Orleans as it was erroneously reported in these columns yesterday.—*Elko (Nev.) Free Press.*

Anyway, he ain't home—that's one sure thing.



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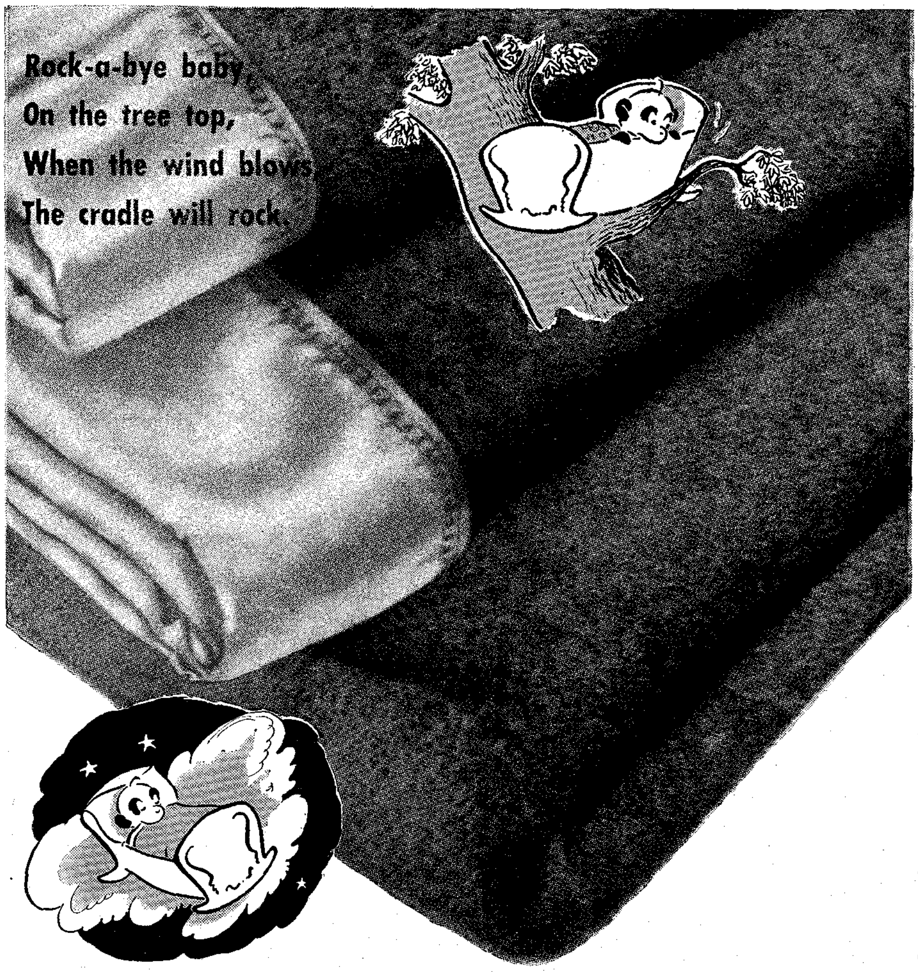

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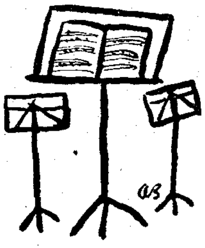
MUSICAL EVENTS

Things to Hear and See



PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY customers got a lot for their money last week. The attractions at one concert included not only the orchestra and its regular conductor, Artur Rodzinski, but also the Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos, who led the orchestra through some samples of his work; Zino Francescatti, who was violin soloist; and about a dozen auxiliary instruments you don't often encounter at concerts. Part of the extra orchestral paraphernalia came up in Mr. Villa-Lobos's music—a *reco-reco*, a *pios*, and other Brazilian percussion instruments. The rest—an assortment of bird whistles and musical toys—were heard in the orchestra's presentation of Haydn's "Toy" symphony.

Mr. Villa-Lobos, as you know, is one of the most distinguished and prolific of present-day writers of music. During his visit here he has found time to finish up several new compositions. The two *choros* in which he directed the Philharmonic-Symphony date back to 1925 and 1929, and are No. 8 and No. 9 in the long series the composer has offered under the *choros* title. A *choros* (apparently the term is both singular and plural) may be devised for almost any instrumental or instrumental-and-vocal setup, ranging from a single guitar to a huge combination. The word itself is based on *choro*, which is a Brazilian sentimental serenade sung by wandering minstrels. Mr. Villa-Lobos describes a *choros* as "a serious music of this sort, with all the elements of my country welded together—the birds, the forests, the mountains, the Indians, the cries, the people, and the gay, boisterous carnivals." Both of the *choros* that were presented last week lived up to the composer's generic description. They had lots of color, handled kaleidoscopically. They seemed somewhat long, but they were vivid creations by an independent and imaginative musician. Mr. Villa-Lobos conducted them efficiently and decisively.

At this concert several members of the orchestra took on unaccustomed duties. In *choros* No. 8, two of the instrumentalists doubled as what might be called piano-stuffers. There are two pianos used in this *choros*, and at a given point two men left their regular places in the orchestra and placed handy sheets of paper on the piano strings, in order to change the timbre of the instruments. In Haydn's "Toy" symphony, a work that is especially familiar to those of us who have indulged in home-ensemble experiments, about half a dozen Philharmonic-Symphony men switched over to the ratchet, the cuckoo whistle, the quail whistle, the bobwhite slide whistle, and the like. Some of the participants obviously thought it was all mighty amusing, and while it wasn't *that* funny, it was good entertainment and good music. Special honors were won, I thought, by the orchestra's excellent solo cellist, Leonard Rose, who played the bobwhite whistle in a fashion to make any home bobwhite whistler resolve to practice more diligently. Mr. Francescatti's performance of the Paganini D-major violin concerto was, as you scarcely need be told, brilliant and thoroughly charming.

PART of the Philadelphia Orchestra's Carnegie Hall concert last week was in the nature of a folk-melody festival. There were traditional airs to be heard in Nicolai Berezowsky's new harp concerto, written for, and beautifully played by, Edna Phillips, as well as in Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" and Bartok's Rumanian folk dances. Mr. Berezowsky's concerto is a fetching and shimmering work in itself and was a handsome solo opportunity for the harpist. The Debussy "Rondes" is a good old friend, although this happened to be its first appearance here under the auspices of the Philadelphians, and so is the set of Bartok dances. The latter, however, turned up in a handsome new version for large orchestra, prepared by the conductor, Eugene Ormandy, from the composer's own arrangement for a smaller group, and the audience gave Mr. Ormandy the reward he deserved for his labors. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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OF ALL THINGS

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•

The Nazis can point with pride to the increasing popularity of their country. Total strangers are crowding into the place from practically all directions.

•

People who like rumors about Hitler are offered a choice of two encouraging ones this week. The Führer is in a monastery feeling terrible or he is in full charge of everything.

•

Unseasonably warm weather has hampered the Red Army on some parts of the eastern front. It would be nice if we could lend or lease our Russian comrades one of our extra blizzards.

•

The damage to Manila will run into millions of dollars and it is assumed that Japan will have to foot the bill. What with one thing and another, the Nips are running up an awfully heavy charge account.

•

Most senators are doing deep thinking these days about the new manpower bill. There are a few of our statesmen, however, who can't seem to get their minds off Elliott Roosevelt's dog.

•

Three or four political parties here are shopping for a likely successor to our Mayor. Some ill-natured people think that the sixth of next November should be declared LaGuardialess Tuesday.

•

The word "meat-easy" has now unfortunately turned up in town. A restaurant man declares that our side streets are infested with low beefsteak dens and illicit chop dives.

•

Republicans in Congress take the view that Dewey's Lincoln Day speech was the opening gun of his 1948 campaign. Other people are not sure whether he is running for President still or again. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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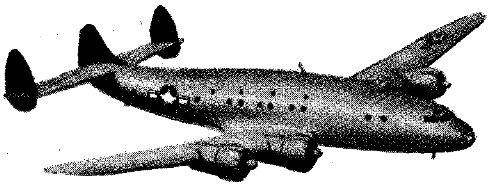

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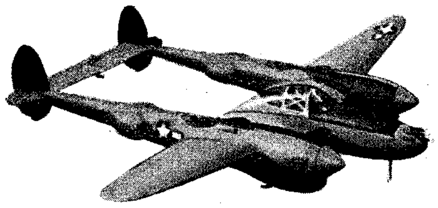

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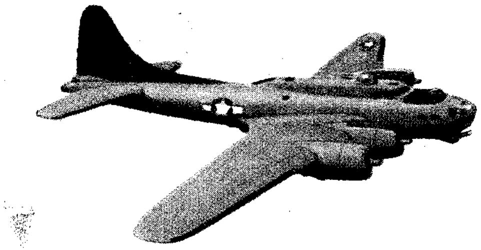
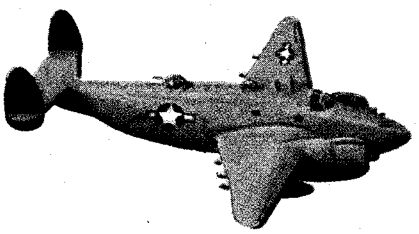


B-17 BOMBER—Famous Boeing "Flying Fortress" built in Lockheed factories by Lockheed craftsmen. An added production boost to meet Army needs. Used for long-range bombing.



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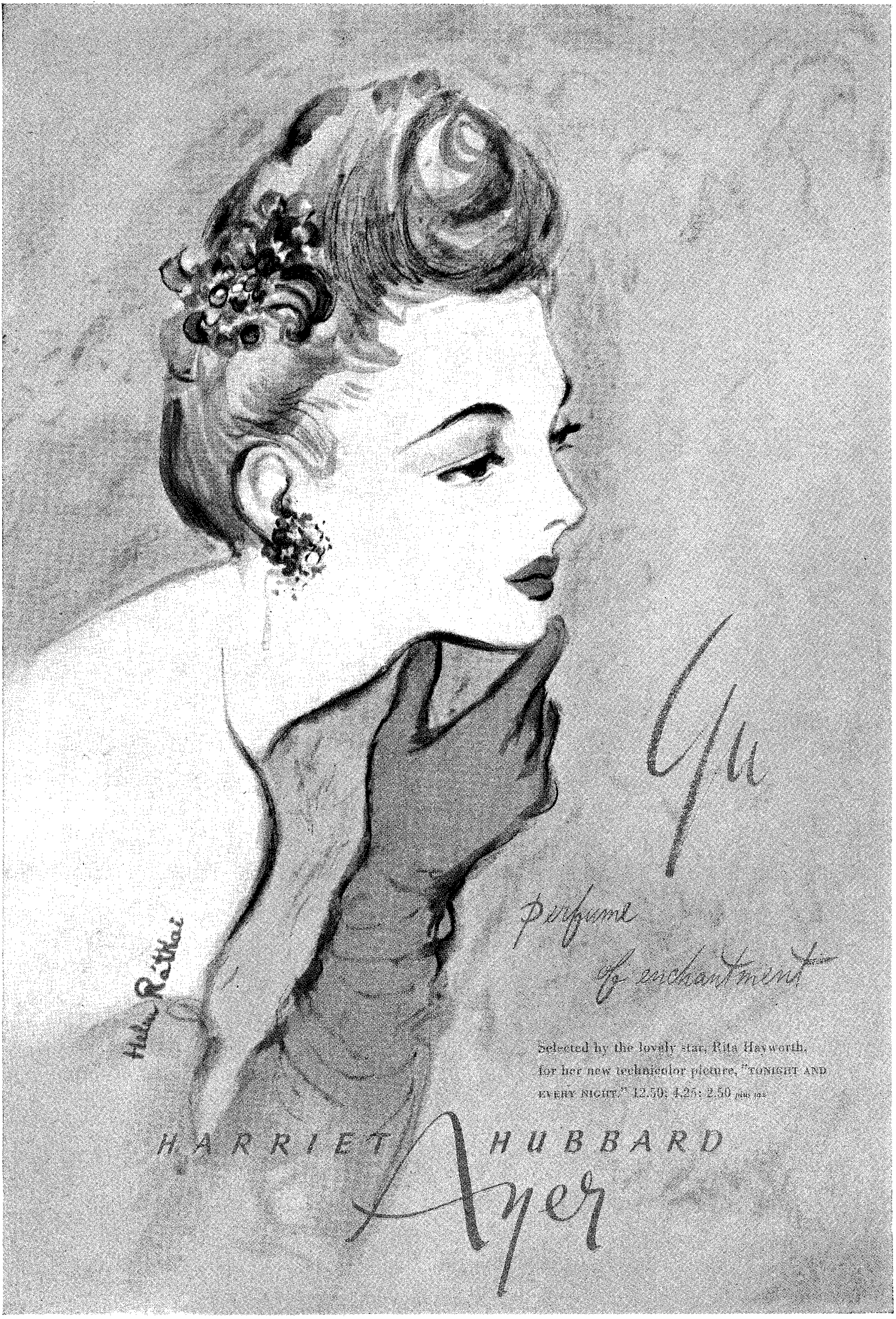
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bigger, Not Better

FOR its production of "Hangover Square," Twentieth Century-Fox has bought the title of a novel by Patrick Hamilton, who once scared the daylights out of New York audiences with a play called "Angel Street," and it has retained the names of the two central characters and permitted one to remain a schizophrene and the other a bitch. Otherwise the resemblance between the picture and the book is so slight that it is hard to believe the adapter ever got beyond the first fifteen pages of Mr. Hamilton's novel. It can be argued, of course, that the exigencies of Hollywood call for some rearrangement of any original text, but to throw away a rather well-written clinical study in order to substitute a quite preposterous melodrama seems going a little too far.

"Hangover Square," in Mr. Hamilton's version, was about one George Harvey Bone, a gentle, foolish man who had been afflicted since childhood with what he thought of as "dead spells," when the real world lost its shape and sound and meaning. These increased in length and severity as he grew older, especially after he fell in love with Netta, who was the epitome of all the lost and vicious people who inhabited Hangover Square, which, in spite of Twentieth Century-Fox's neat street signs, was a condition of life and not a locality. She tolerated him because he had a minute income (four pounds a week), something very unusual in her circle, but he bored her stiff, and her favors were reserved for livelier types. All along, whenever he was in one of his tantrums, it was evident to George that he was going to have to kill Netta, and finally he did so, along with her current lover, and then committed suicide over a gas ring in a furnished room. This took place just after the declaration of war with Germany, so naturally the papers cut the whole thing down to a couple of lines.

The films obviously have no use for such trite and dismal stuff. George Harvey Bone has become a musical genius, whose first concerto is about to be presented by the great Sir Henry Chapman at a soirée "attended by the most distinguished musicians in all Europe." Sir Henry has a beautiful and virtuous daughter, also a stranger to me, whose affections fluctuate between Bone, and Dr. Allan Middleton, a glossy psychiatrist attached to Scotland Yard. Netta, now a beautiful songstress, diverts Bone from his concerto by insisting that he compose numbers for her to sing in a floor show, which turns out to be an enormous success. Quite properly, he strangles her and burns her body in a gigantic pyre on Guy Fawkes Day. In the end, Bone himself is incinerated while playing his concerto for the distinguished musicians, who prudently don't wait for the end. I have left out a good many details (Bone, this time, isn't exactly a schizophrene; as a sensitive musician, he is just upset by loud, unexpected noises and usually feels impelled to assassinate somebody), but you can see that certain ingredients have been added. In spite of a really impressive performance by the late Laird Cregar, as Bone, and a very lively and decorative one by Linda Darnell, as Netta, "Hangover Square" is one of those pictures that are apt to make a reviewer wonder whether he wouldn't have been happier if he hadn't bothered to read the book.

IN "The Princess and the Pirate," Bob Hope plays a quick-change artist, Sylvester the Great, who has seven different faces, all in Technicolor. The period is early nineteenth century, as much as any time, and the plot has to do with how Mr. Hope and Virginia Mayo, a beautiful blonde who turns out to be a princess travelling incognito, get kidnapped by pirates. I guess the details are somewhat elaborate for this space. At one time, the star is obliged to disguise himself rather horribly as a female gypsy in order to escape from a ship commanded by Victor McLaglen; at another, he and the Princess find themselves entertaining in a saloon called the Bucket of Blood on an island run by Walter Slezak, an even more sinister type than McLaglen; and finally, there is a surprise ending, which obviously struck the audience as hilarious, though it was a little special for me. The humor probably reaches its peak when Miss Mayo says, "Do you know what that skull and crossbones stands for?," and Mr. Hope replies, "Yeah. Iodine." The whole picture was clearly manufactured for the Hope public, a very mysterious and knowing bunch. —W. G.

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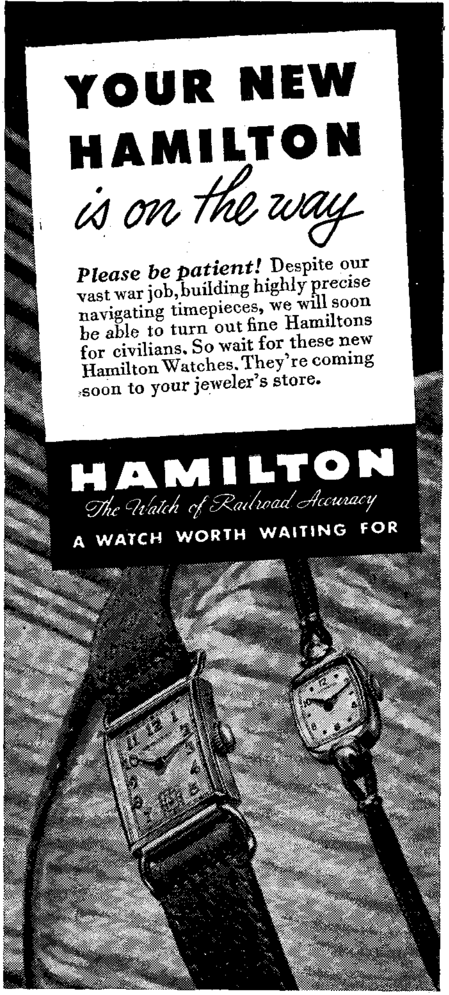
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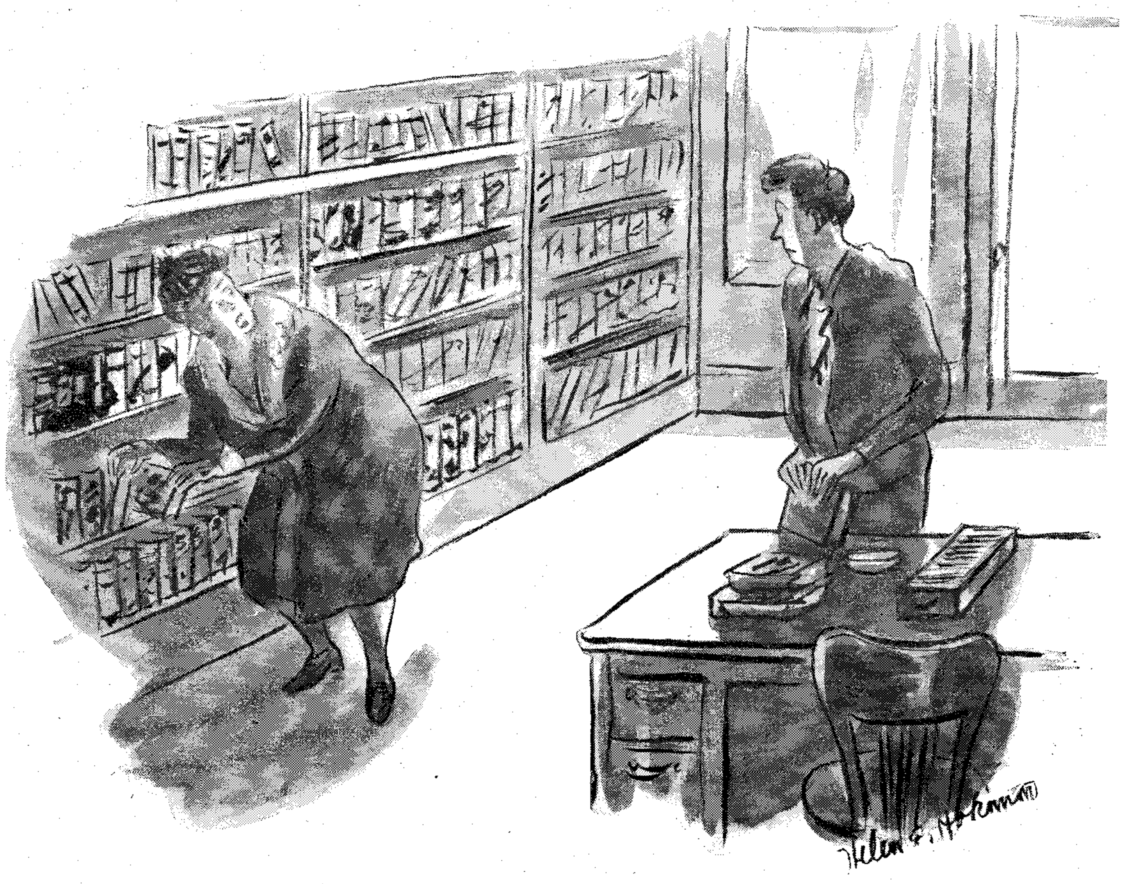
BOOKS

"Mr. Holmes, They Were the Footprints of a Gigantic Hound!"

MY article of four weeks ago on detective stories has called forth a burst of correspondence even more overwhelming than that provoked by my earlier piece—well over a hundred letters. But in this case the people who write me mostly agree with my adverse attitude. Among the few letters from those who do not, some, however, are excessively bitter. One lady adds a postscript in which she declares that she has never liked men named Edmund, and another asks me jeeringly how much I have been paid by "the non-detective fiction publishers." The furious reaction of these readers confirms me in my conclusion that detective stories are actually a habit-forming drug for which its addicts will fight like tigers—an opinion that is explicitly corroborated by many of the approving letters. The evangelical note at the end of my piece was intended to have a burlesque flavor, but some of my correspondents seem to have taken it more seriously than it was meant, and write to tell me that, though they have long been addicts, they have made a vow, since reading my article, never to touch another detective story. An old friend, a classical scholar and archeologist, has rather horrified me by confessing that he, too, has been a victim of this form of narcotic and that he had already had the intention of doing for it in literature what De Quincey has done for opium-eating.

I will now confess, in my turn, that, since my first looking into this subject last fall, I have myself become addicted, by spells, to reading myself to sleep with Sherlock Holmes, which I had gone back to, not having looked at it since childhood, in order to see how it compared with Conan Doyle's latest imitators. I propose, however, to justify my pleasure in rereading Sherlock Holmes on grounds entirely different from those on which the consumers of the current product ordinarily defend their taste. My contention is that Sherlock Holmes *is* literature on a humble but not ignoble level, whereas the mystery writers most in vogue now are not. The older stories are literature, not because of the conjuring tricks and the puzzles, not because of the lively melodrama, which they have in common with many other detective stories, but by virtue of imagination and style. These are fairy tales, as Conan Doyle intimated in his preface to his last collection, and they are among the most enchanting of fairy tales and not among the least distinguished.

The Sherlock Holmes stories, almost as much as the "Alice" books or as Edward Lear's nonsense, were the casual products of a life the main purpose of which was something else, but creations that in some sense got detached from their author and flew away and had a life of their own. Conan Doyle, it seems, worked conscientiously to document his historical romances, which he considered his serious work, but he regarded Holmes and Watson as the subject of slightly absurd and somewhat humiliating potboilers, and he was so little attentive to what he wrote about them that the stories are full of inconsistencies, which Doyle never took the trouble to correct. He forgot Watson's Christian name and later on gave him a new one; he shifted the location of his wound; he began by making an ignorance of literature an essential trait of Holmes's personality and then had him talk about Petrarch and Meredith; and he even, on one occasion, changed the season abruptly from July to September. (It is an odd evidence of Holmes's vitality that some of his admirers should have gone to the trouble of attempting to account for these discrepancies, as if Watson and Holmes had been real men, and that they should actually have published their conjectures last spring in a volume called "Profile by Gaslight.") Doyle had become so impatient with his hero by the end of the second series in the *Strand Magazine* that he got rid of him by killing him off, totally without preparation, in a manner that was little short of frivolous. But



"I'll be glad when the war is over and Temple Bailey can be herself again."

Sherlock Holmes was like a genie let out of a bottle; there was no way of getting him back and, once at large, he was always available to minister to his master's wants. Doyle eventually brought Holmes back to life and wrote five more volumes about him. For perhaps the only time in his life he had hit upon a genuine spell.

Whence had he mustered this spell and what elements had been mixed to make it? Well, there was Poe, of course, and there was also unquestionably R. L. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." "The Adventure of the Hansom Cab" and "The Adventure of the Superfluous Mansion" must have suggested both the Sherlock Holmes titles and the formula of taking people to unexpected places and having them witness mysterious happenings. But Doyle, though much less "literary" than Stevenson, somehow got solider results, which depended on quite different qualities from Stevenson's suave Oriental tone and the limpid iridescence of his fantasy. For one thing, Stevenson was very weak on character, whereas Doyle had produced two real personalities. And, for another, Conan Doyle had found a vein of fantasy of his own that was vivider, if rather less fine, than Stevenson's. You see the force of his imagination exemplified in a curious way in some of those stories in which the explanation is inadequate or disappointing. A young woman goes to work in a country house where she will be extravagantly overpaid if she will consent to have her hair cut short, to wear a dress of electric blue, to sit in certain places at certain times, and to allow herself to be made to laugh uproariously at a succession of funny stories by the master; a professional interpreter of Greek finds himself suddenly shanghaied in a cab and taken to a stuffy London house with velvet furniture, a high white marble mantelpiece, and a suit of Japanese armor, where a man who wears glasses and has a giggling laugh compels him to put questions in Greek to a pale and emaciated captive, whose face is all crisscrossed with sticking plaster. Neither of these stories—"The Copper Beeches" or "The Greek Interpreter"—quite lives up to its opening vision. The way of accounting for the sticking plaster, in fact, seems entirely unsatisfactory, and since Watson tells us that this "singular case" is "still involved in some mystery," we are almost inclined to suspect that the affair concealed something else which the detective had failed to penetrate; but the images have exercised their power—a

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by
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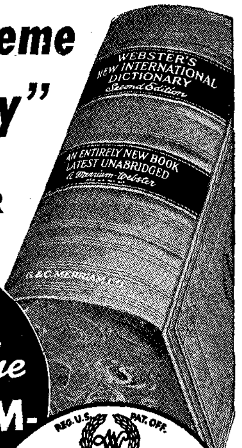
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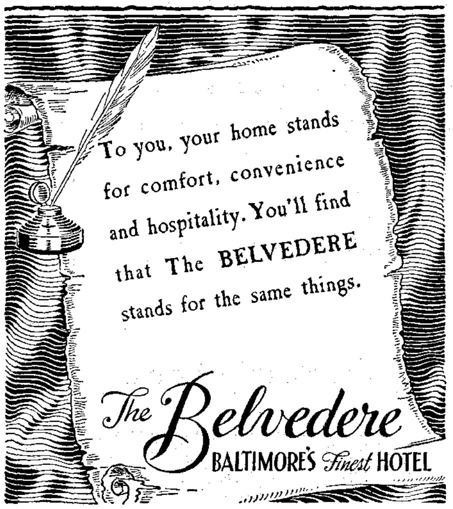

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power which is partly due to their contrast with, their startling emergence from, the dull surface of Victorian London.

Here Doyle is exploiting a device quite remote from the suave story-spinning of Stevenson: he is working in the familiar tradition—in which the English art of fiction has excelled since the days of "Robinson Crusoe"—of the commonplace and common-sense narrative which arouses excitement and wonder. He can make us feel the presence of the "sinister"—to use one of his favorite words—even in a situation which does not include any fantastic ingredient. Take the story of "The Naval Treaty," which follows "The Greek Interpreter" in Doyle's carefully varied program. A young man in the Foreign Office has been entrusted with an important document, which he has been copying at night in his office. He is alone and there is no entrance to the room save by a corridor that leads to the street. No one except the Foreign Minister knows that he has the treaty. At last he rings for the doorman to bring him some coffee, but an unknown woman answers the bell, large and coarse-faced and wearing an apron. She says that she is the doorman's wife and promises to send the coffee, but some time passes and the coffee does not come, and he goes downstairs to see what is the matter. He finds the doorman asleep, but the man is immediately awakened by a bell that rings loudly overhead.

> "I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir." He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell with an ever-growing astonishment upon his face.
>
> "If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?" he asked.
>
> "The bell!" I cried. "What bell is it?"
>
> "It's the bell of the room you were working in."

Both these incidents, so soberly told, the appearance of the woman and the ringing of the bell, produce shocks that reverberate. Of course there is no one upstairs in the room and of course the naval treaty has been taken.

The stories have also both form and style of a kind very much superior to what one finds in our padded novels, though sometimes, it seems to me, the requirements of length for short stories in the *Strand Magazine* compelled Doyle somewhat to skimp his dénouement. There is wit, not mere tricks, in the "deductions" of Holmes and wit in the dialogue, and not only in the interchanges between Watson and Holmes but even in some of the stagy lines which Doyle's very sure sense of point save from being merely absurd. Take, for example, the conclusion of "The Second Stain":

> "Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"
>
> Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.
>
> "We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he and, picking up his hat, he turned to the door.

The writing, of course, is full of clichés, but these clichés are dealt out with a ring which gives them a kind of value, while the author makes speed and saves space so effectively that we are rarely in danger of getting bogged down in anything boring. And the clichés of situation and character are somehow made to function, too, for the success of the general effect. This effect owes its real originality not only to the queer collocations of elements, such as those I have mentioned above, but also to the admirable settings: the sombre, overcarpeted interiors or the musty, empty houses of London, the remote old or new country places, always with shrubbery along the drives; and the characters—the choleric big-game hunters and the high-spirited noble ladies—have been imbued with the atmosphere of these settings and charged with an energy sufficient—like the fierce puppets of a Punch-and-Judy show—to make an impression in their simple rôles.

And over the whole epic there hangs an amiable air of irresponsible comedy, like that of some father's rigmarole for children, like that of, say, Albert Bigelow Paine in his stories about the Coon, the Possum, and the Old Black Crow who all lived together in a Hollow Tree. The story teller can make anything happen that will entertain his nightly audience and that will admit some kind of break at bedtime. The invention of Professor Moriarty, that scientific mastermind of crime who was to checkmate the great scientific detective, is simply an improvisation to bring to an end an overlong story, and the duel in which each is straining to outthink and outtrick the other is exhilarating because totally impossible. I do not share the prejudice of some Holmes experts against the two latest series of stories. Inferior though these often are in plot, Doyle amuses himself here in a way which makes them extremely funny. I am delighted by "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," in which Holmes feigns a tropical disease and refuses to let Watson treat him: "Facts are facts, Watson, and after all, you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications. It is painful to have to say these things, but you leave me no choice." "I was bitterly hurt," says Watson. And it was a wonderful idea to have Watson himself sometimes undertake the inquiry and bungle it, and conversely, in other cases, to have Holmes tell the stories instead of Watson, in an attempt to divest them of the fortuitous glamour which he insists that his friend has added. (I have discovered, by the way—though I see that it had already been hinted by Christopher Morley—that Rex Stout's detective, Nero Wolfe, seems to have been inspired by one of the most diverting of Doyle's variations: Sherlock's brother Mycroft, who is also a mastermind but who has grown so stout and inert that he is unable to work on a problem till all the data have been dug out and brought him.)

And it all takes place in the Hollow Tree—in that atmosphere of "cozy peril," to quote a phrase from, I think, Mr. Morley, who, in his prefaces to the Sherlock Holmes omnibus and an anthology called "Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson," has written so well on this subject. They will, of course, get safely back to Baker Street, after their vigils and raids and arrests, to discuss the case comfortably in their rooms and have their landlady bring them breakfast the next morning. Law and Order have not tottered a moment; the British police are well in control: they are the stoutest, most faithful fellows in the world if they can only be properly directed by Intellect in the form of a romantic personality possessed by the scientific spirit. All the loose ends of every episode are tidily picked up and tucked in, and even Holmes, though once addicted to cocaine, has been reformed by the excellent Watson. In this world, the client always arrives just the minute after his story has been told, and Holmes and Watson always find it possible to get to anywhere they want to go without a moment's delay or confusion. Here is an incident from "The Greek Interpreter" which illustrates this unfailing punctuality. The interpreter, after his visit to the mysterious house, has been driven away and dropped.

> The carriage which had brought me was already out of sight. I stood gazing round and wondering where on earth I might be, when I saw someone coming towards me in the darkness. As he came up to me I made out that he was a railway porter.
>
> "Can you tell me what place this is?" I asked.
>
> "Wandsworth Common," said he.
>
> "Can I get a train into town?"
>
> "If you walk on a mile or so to Clapham

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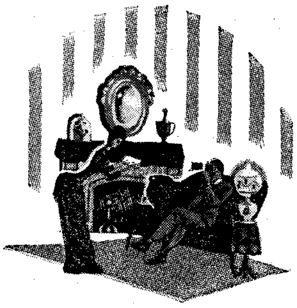

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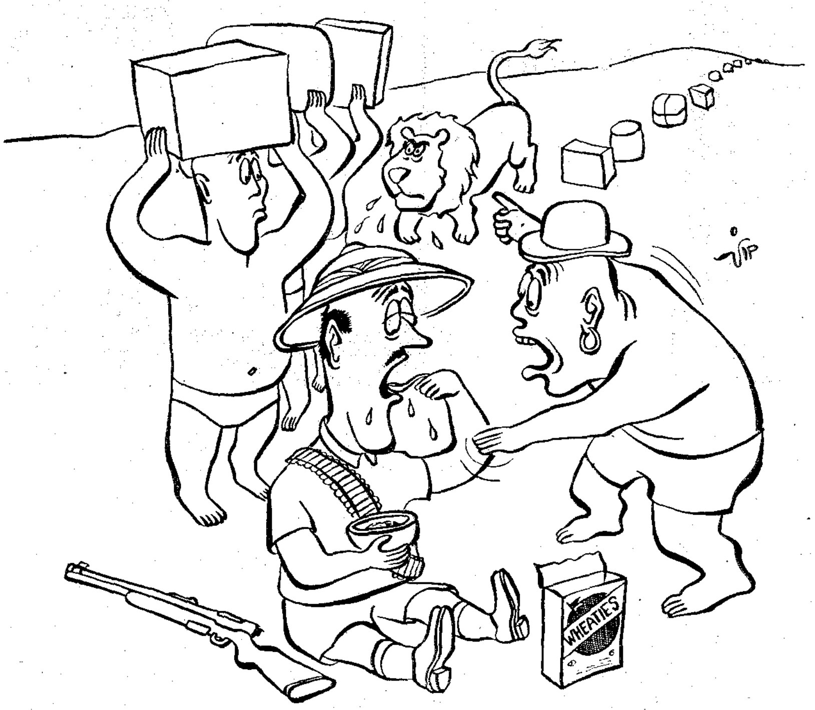

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Junction," said he, "you'll just be in time for the last to Victoria."

So, no matter what those queer Greeks do in London, there will always be a British porter and he will always help you to get your train. In the newer kind of mystery novel, this porter would not have been a real porter; he would have had some unintelligible connection with the men in the upholstered house, and, far from helping the poor interpreter to catch the train, he would have involved him in endless further trouble—just as the man who wanted a young woman in an electric blue dress to cut her hair and laugh at his jokes would have turned out to be suffering from some form of derangement suggested by Krafft-Ebing or Freud. One rarely finds the word "sinister" today; it implies that a spy or a murder, a piece of treachery or an insane neurosis, is something of exceptional occurrence.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POOR CHILD, by Anne Parrish (Harper). A shrewd and, above all, pitiful story of a little boy casually rescued from poverty by a spoiled, wealthy woman and as casually thrown back into greater tragedy. The theme of the book—the betrayal of innocence—is likely to bring to mind "The Death of the Heart," yet the novel is not altogether destroyed by a comparison with Miss Bowen's masterpiece. Miss Parrish's talent is never a robust one, but there is considerable charm in this tender, genre work.

YEOMAN'S HOSPITAL, by Helen Ashton (Viking). Twenty-four hours in the life of a provincial English hospital, caught sharply and neatly for your inspection. Miss Ashton has had the wit and imagination to take the unlovely and seemingly unimportant routine of the hospital and make of it an unusually interesting novel well off the beaten track. Nice clean writing, and the technical detail is done in a style that is quite effective.

THE CAPTAIN OF ST. MARGARET'S, by Ferenc Molnár, translated by Barrows Mussey (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The author's pre-first-World War reminiscences of a voluble, dashing, irresponsible, yet (need one add?) lovable old liar who was a retired captain of Austrian Hussars. The Captain's stories start off entertainingly enough, but there are too many of them, and even Herr Molnár's light, romantic style probably won't keep you from being gently bored with his charming hero before the end of the book.

The Battle Within, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran). Another story about English civilians in wartime. This one is ever so slightly complicated by the fact that the heroine is engaged to a young German fighting with the Nazis. Aside from that, the book is distinguished only in that Sir Philip seems to have set a record for the use of the cliché and the platitude.

Miss Dilly Says No, by Theodore Pratt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). It is hard to think that even the pro-whimsy group won't feel queasy over this coy story of a Hollywood secretary who writes a best-seller and then refuses to sell it to the movies. Maybe it is a funny situation—all the studios bidding furiously against each other and suspecting every motive on the part of the author except the real one, that she just doesn't feel like selling—but it is not anywhere near as funny as Mr. Pratt tries to make you think.

Looking for a Bluebird, by Joseph Wechsberg (Houghton Mifflin). Twenty-one lively chronicles, the majority of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, by a young man who has had a peripatetic and all but preposterous life. The fraction of it spent as a violinist in ships' orchestras in both hemispheres and nearly all the seven seas furnishes the background for most of these tall tales. A few of them derive from a relatively static but still musicianly interlude when he was a claqueur at the opera in Vienna. There are line drawings by F. Strobel.

GENERAL

The English Spirit, by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan). A collection of essays, on various aspects of English life, literature, and history, by a man who is in love with his country and doesn't care who knows it. Mr. Rowse, a Fellow of Oxford's All Souls College, dwells on Shakespeare, Swift, Winston Churchill, Oxford in wartime, and, over and over again, the English landscape. His affection is apt to seem excessive to those not quite so enamored of England and the English, but his prose, despite its over-polished donnishness, is a pleasure.

Generals in the White House, by Dorothy Burne Goebel and Julius Goebel, Jr. (Doubleday, Doran). In this country's history, nine military men—Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce,

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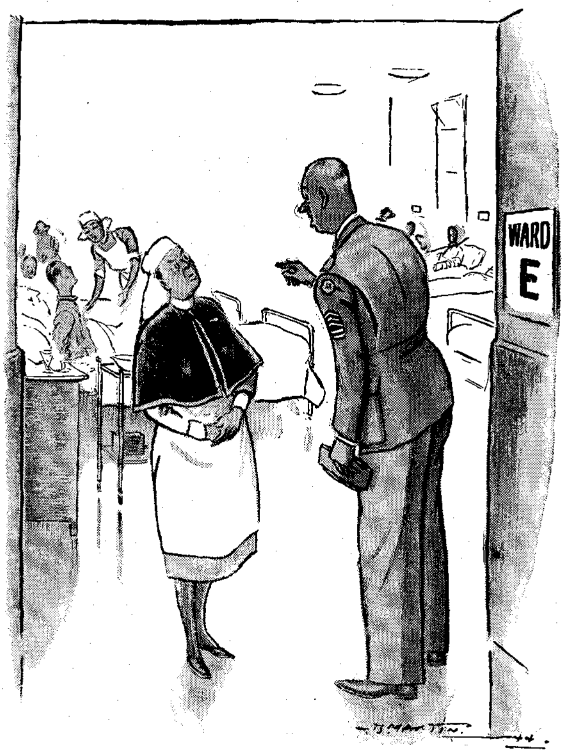

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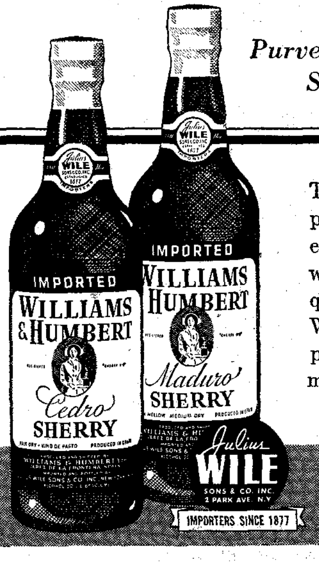

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Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison—have marched from the battlefield into the White House. The authors have mixed biography and history in equal proportions, tracing the careers of their subjects with skill and understanding, and, while there is nothing in this survey that will startle those who know the elementary facts of American history, the book serves to remind us that our antipathy to men on horseback is probably not as pronounced as it is presumed to be.

CHINA AMONG THE POWERS, by David Nelson Rowe (Harcourt, Brace). A sober attempt to estimate China's potentialities as a great power in the post-war world. The author's thesis, which he presents in straightforward, readable prose, is that the vast riches China is supposed to have are to a large degree illusory, that it will be many years before the country can be industrialized, and that she cannot, by herself, become a threat to other Asiatic nations or prevent the resurgence of Japan. Only the Big Three, Mr. Rowe says, can help China to gain the position in Asia that is rightfully hers and enable her to become strong enough to do her proper part in maintaining peace in the Orient. Although it is heavily weighted with economics and sociology, the book is worth reading for its comprehensive analysis of a very complex situation.

COACHING ROADS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND, by George Francis Marlowe (Macmillan). Tales of the wayside inns, taverns, and other points of historic interest associated with the highways and byways of New England back in the days of saddlebags and stagecoaches. Mr. Marlowe has put his book together neatly enough and made some pleasant pencil drawings for it, but only those who make a hobby of New England will really be interested.

•

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The boys in the foxholes, with their lives endangered, are nervous and miserable and want girls. Since they can't have them, they smoke cigarettes. The girls at home, with their virtue not endangered, are nervous and miserable and want boys.—*Dr. Ernest A. Hooten, quoted in the Washington Post.*

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